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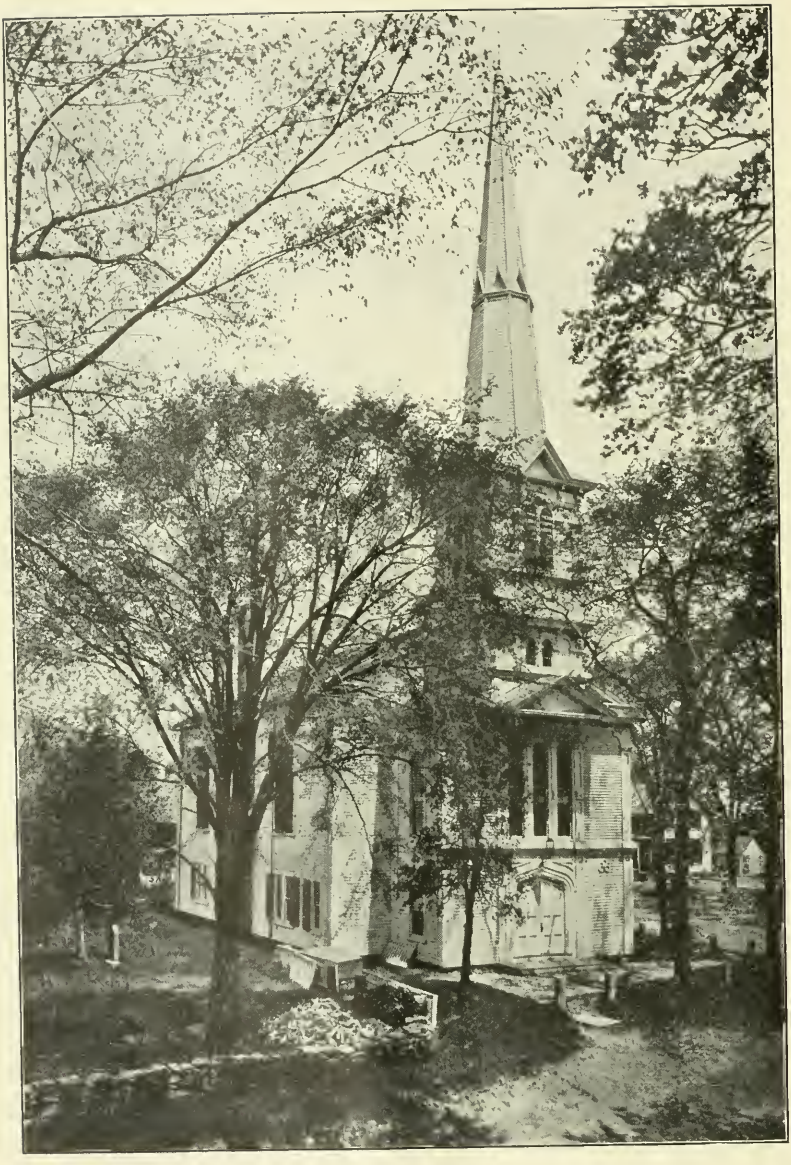

The United Congregational Church
in Little Compton.

THE TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE UNITED CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LITTLE COMPTON, RHODE ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 7, 1904

Published by
The United Congregational Society
Little Compton, R. I.

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INTRODUCTORY.

The United Congregational Church of Little Compton, R. I., was organized November 30, 1704. In order to avoid so far as possible the likelihood of inclement weather, the church appointed September 7, 1904, as the day of celebration of its bi-centennial.

In preparation for that event a general committee was chosen by the church consisting of Rev. Wilson R. Buxton, pastor; Deacon Erastus S. Bailey, J. Webster Coombs, Roswell B. Burchard, Joshua B. Richmond, and James E. Osborne. Other committees and chairmen were named as follows: Reception, Deacon Geo. W. Church; entertainment, Mrs. Oliver H. Wilbor; refreshments, Mrs. William H. Briggs; conveyance, Clarence C. Wordell; music, William H. Briggs; historical exhibit, Mrs. Forbes W. Manchester; finance, George Harlan Simmons; decorations, Henry A. Groth.

The entire church and congregation, as well as many summer residents enthusiastically co-operated and by their unstinted generosity and labor helped to make the preparations complete.

On the day of the celebation, the weather being favorable, large audiences assembled, forenoon, afternoon and evening in the auditorium which had been beautifully decorated with flowers, green pine and the Stars and Stripes.

Among those present were Miss Flora L. Mason and Miss Montgomery, of Taunton, and Rev. William J. Batt, of Concord, Mass., descendants of Rev. Richard Billings, first pastor of the church; Miss Helen L. Shepard and Miss Fanny W. Burr, of Melrose, Mass., grand-nieces of Rev. Mase Shepard third pastor of the church; Rev. Augustus M. Rice, of Dunstable, Mass.; Rev. William D. Hart, of Wilton, Conn.; Rev. Thomas F. Norris of Riverside, R. I., and Rev. James Lade, of Hanover, Mass., these being the four living ex-pastors of the church; the Hon. Lucius F. C. Garvin, Governor of Rhode Island who made congratulatory remarks, and Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D. D., pastor of the

Walnut Avenue Congregational Church, Boston; Rev. J. H. Lyon, of Central Falls, who brought the greetings of the sister churches of the Congregational order in the state; Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, minister of All Souls' Church, New York; Rev. Martin L. Williston, of Barrington; Rev. Edgar F. Clark, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town, and Mr. Horace G. Shaw, of New Jersey.

There were present many other distinguished visitors as well as a large number of summer residents. The townspeople were numerously represented in the audience, taking a deep interest in honoring the church that to their fathers had been the gate to heaven throughout many generations.

The exercises began at 10.30 A. M., Mrs. Henry A. Groth presiding at the organ, and the order of exercises as found on a subsequent page was carried out.

During the intermissions for refreshments many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the Grange Hall, where was exhibited a remarkable collection of antique furniture and many articles of historic interest from families in the town.

Of the addresses which followed only the historical discourse and the historical address are printed in full. Of some of the others, delivered without manuscript, it has been impossible to reproduce more than an abstract.

Mr. Burchard's address contains some material that he had prepared but which for lack of time was omitted in the delivery. This material is inserted at the request of the committee. The sermon by Dr. Plumb was replete with anecdote and illustration, but being delivered without notes, it has been impossible to reproduce more than an abstract. In general it may be stated that many items of interest have been omitted from other addresses for the reason that they already appear in the published report of the proceedings of the 175th anniversary.

COMMITTEES.

General Committee.

Rev. Wilson R. Buxton,
Deacon Erastus S. Bailey,
J. Webster Coombs,
Roswell B. Burchard,
Joshua B. Richmond,
James E. Osborn.

Reception—Deacon George W. Church, Deacon Thos. Howard, Arthur Seabury, Henry Page Wilbur, Thomas Briggs, James I. Bailey, Charles Bone, Galen T. Brownell, Miss Ardelia Wilbur, Mrs. Caroline Tolles, Mrs. Meribah Chase, Miss Miranda Pierce, Mrs. Deborah Otis, Mrs. Sarah Borden, Mrs. J. I. Bailey, A. B. Simmons, G. M. Gray, Nath. Church, Mrs. Mary N. Briggs, Mrs. Thomas Briggs, Mrs. Isaac C. Wilbour, Mrs. Henry Page Wilbur, Mrs. Christiana Brownell, Mrs. G. T. Brownell, Mrs. Lizzie McFarland, Mrs. John Brown, Mrs. Charles Bone, Miss Alice C. Gray, Miss Ethel Wordell, Mrs. F. R. Brownell, Jr., Miss Charlotte Brownell, Mrs. F. L. Patten, Mrs. J. B. Springer, Mrs. Lysander W. Manchester.

Refreshment—Mrs. W. H. Briggs, Mrs. A. B. Simmons, Mrs. Nath. Church, Mrs. E. S. Bailey, Mrs. G. M. Gray, Mrs. J. W. Coombs, Mrs. J. B. Wilbur, Mrs. J. W. Hunt, Mrs. F. L. Sherman, Mrs. Elva Humphrey, Mrs. George Shaw, Mrs. Sarah Bundy, Mrs. Harry McFarland, Miss Rebecca Tripp, Mrs. W. C. Wilbur, Miss Fannie Brown, Mrs. E. W. Mersey, Miss Bessie Hunt, Mrs. Lester Seabury, Miss Ethel Snell, Miss Annie Dyer, Miss Alice Gray, Miss Lilian Dunbar, Miss Ethel Wordell, Lester Wilbur, Leslie B. Coombs, Elton Gray, Harley Davis, Homer Davis, Arthur Seabury, Allen Seabury, Robert Shaw, Karl F. Wordell.

Entertainment—P. H. Wilbour, Mrs. O. H. Wilbor, Mrs. P. H. Wilbour, Mrs. F. A. H. Bodington, Miss Mary K. Seabury, Mrs. Annie D. Brownell, Mrs. Caroline Drummond.

Conveyance—Clarence C. Wordell, John W. Hunt, Horace F. Dyer, Oliver H. Wilbor, D. F. Gifford, Philip W. Almy, Don H. Gray, Herbert W. Pierce, F. A. H. Bodington, Frederick L. Sherman, William C. Wilbur, James B. Springer.

Finance—George H. Simmons, F. R. Brownell, Jr., L. W. Manchester, Frank W. Tripp, Harry McFarland, Charles Humphrey.

Music—William H. Briggs, J. G. Hathaway, Mrs. H. A. Groth, Mrs. C. C. Wordell, Mrs. D. Frank Gifford, Mrs. P. W. Almy, Mrs. Herbert Pierce, Miss Elizabeth F. Sowle, E. W. Mersey, Miss Lilian Dunbar.

Decorations—Henry A. Groth, Mrs. Lydia J. Warner, Roy M. Gray, Miss A. A. Lathrop, Mrs. F. W. Tripp.

Historical Exhibit—Mrs. Forbes W. Manchester, Mrs. R. B. Burchard, Mrs. Lysander W. Manchester.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

10.30 A. M.

Organ Voluntary.
Welcome, by the Pastor.
Anthem, "Oh, How Lovely,"— W. A. Ogden.
Responsive Reading, led by Rev. Augustus M. Rice.
Prayer, by Rev. William D. Hart.
Hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."
Historical Discourse, "The Little Compton United Congregational Church," by the Pastor, Rev. Wilson R. Buxton.
Hymn, "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand."
Addresses, by former Pastors:

Rev. Augustus M. Rice,
Rev. William D. Hart,
Rev. Thomas F. Norris,
Rev. James Lade.

Hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds."
Doxology.

A Collation served in the Vestry after the morning Service. Historical Exhibit in the Grange Hall.

2.30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary.
Anthem, "Rock of Ages,"— E. O. Excell.
Prayer, by Rev. James Lade.
Hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee."
Address, by Rev. J. H. Lyon.
Solo, by Mrs. Walter J. Bullock.

Address, by His Excellency Hon. Lucius F. C. Garvin, Governor of Rhode Island.

Historical Discourse, "The Town of Little Compton," by Roswell B. Burchard.

Hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

Addresses, by:

Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D. D.,
Rev. Edgar F. Clark,
Rev. Martin L. Williston,
Rev. William J. Batt,
Mr. Horace G. Shaw.

Hymn, "I love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

A Collation in the Vestry and an Historical Exhibit in the Grange Hall.

7.30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary.
Invocation.
Scripture Reading, by Rev. Thomas F. Norris.
Anthem, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," — John R. Sweeney.
Prayer, by Rev. Augustus M. Rice.
Hymn, "Rock of Ages."
Sermon, by Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D. D.
Hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."
Benediction, by Rev. Dr. Plumb.

Rev. Wilson R. Buxton
Pastor

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE[1]

THE LITTLE COMPTON UNITED CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

By Rev. Wilson R. Buxton.

When Ruth in company with her mother-in-law Naomi had come from the land of Moab to Bethlehem and had seen the grain-fields of Boaz and the reapers in them, her wish was, "Let me now go to the field and glean among the ears of grain after him in whose sight I shall find favor." And Naomi said unto her, "Go, my daughter. And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers." And when Boaz had come from Bethlehem, he said unto Ruth, "Go not to glean in another field, neither pass from hence. Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them." "And at meal time Boaz said unto her, Come hither and eat the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers; and they reached her parched grain, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left thereof. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: And also pull out some for her from the bundles, and leave it, and let her glean, and rebuke her not."

It is, I confess, with feelings not unlike those which Ruth must have experienced that the historian this morning, with sickle in hand, enters this field of fact and anecdote with reference to the history of the Little Compton Congregational Church. For the field is very extensive, and a number of Boaz's skilled reapers, by name, Hart, Shepard, Palmer, Dexter, Walker, Goldsmith, and Beach, have already preceded me. And yet, taking my place today, I am encouraged by the thoughts that here and there I

(1) In the preparation of this historical discourse the author's thanks have been especially due to some elderly people in town at whose feet he sat while they unrolled the past and related to him the traditions of the elders.

shall find some barley standing that the sickles of these reapers have missed; that these gentlemen will grant me, as the reapers of Boaz granted to Ruth, the privilege of gleaning even among the *sheaves* that they have sickled, and will not reproach me for it; that they will allow me even to pull some from the *bundles* that they have cut and tastefully bound, and that at noon I also shall be called to eat of the bread and parched barley and dip my morsel in the vinegar. It is with such feelings of alternate discouragement and joy that I enter to glean after the reapers who have preceded me by the space of twenty-five years.

It is now 1674. Fifty-four years have gone by since the Pilgrim fathers and mothers landed at Plymouth Rock. They have sought in their own way to win the Indians to Christ; and when they have won a small number of them about Plymouth, and killed a far greater number, they proceed to increase the sphere of their religious influence. So that it is not to be wondered at that they meditate the conversion of the aborigines in this remote region, and especially their great chieftain Philip living at a place since known as Bristol. And in his "*Historical Collections of the Indians in New England*," Gookin thus writes: "There are some that have hopes of their greatest and chiefest Sachem, named Philip, living at Pockanockett. Some of his chief men, as I hear, stand well inclined to hear the gospel: and himself is a person of good understanding and knowledge in the best things. I have heard him speak very good words, arguing that his conscience is convicted; but yet, though his will is bowed to embrace Jesus Christ, his sensual and carnal lusts are strong bonds to hold him fast under Satan's dominions." And in a letter written September 14, 1674, by Reverend John Cotton, pastor of the English church at Plymouth, to Daniel Goodkin, magistrate, living in Cambridge, occurs the following: "When the courts are here there are usually great multitudes of Indians from all parts of the Colony. At those seasons I preach to them; which I mention, because God hath so far blessed it, as to make it a means to encourage some that live very remote, to effect praying to God; viz., Manmanenat, Sa-

chem of Sokonnett [Little Compton], and some principal Indians of Coquitt, who made their confessions, and declared their willingness to serve God; and they do improve all the opportunities they can get to hear the word. They came to hear me at Acushnett, when I preached there; and do desire further means of instruction."[1]

But in another sense the colony at Plymouth is a believer in expansion; for " in 1672 a grant is obtained by certain individuals from the General Court at Plymouth of a certain tract of land called by the Indians *Sogkonate,* lying on the east of Narragansett Bay, adjoining the bay and ocean, with the view of making it their permanent place of residence. Col. Benjamin Church, of Duxbury, repairs thither in 1674, and, having purchased land for a plantation, erects a house and buildings thereon. In June of the following year, Philip, the great Sachem of Pockanockett, declares war on the colonists, and Colonel Church, by reason of the hostility of the Sogkonate Indians, leaves his plantation and repairs to the colonists on the island of Rhode Island. After this war, which terminates with the death of Philip in 1676, some white people emigrate to Sogkonate from Plymouth and Rhode Island colonies, and six years later this tract of land is organized into a township by the name of Little Compton"[2] —the same year in which Philadelphia is founded by William Penn.

Now just as one fragment from the granite rock contains all the essential characteristics of the original mass, so these settlers in Little Compton from Plymouth and elsewhere are imbued with the same ideas that are cherished by those kinsmen whom they have left; and, therefore, among the fundamental conditions for a vigorous community, they recognize the ministrations of the gospel and the establishment of a church. In accordance with this desire, "when the town is incorporated in 1682," as the Rev. William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, informs us, "a right of land is granted to the exclusive use of the minis-

(1) *Gookin's Historical Collections of the Indians in New England;* Mass. Hist. Coll. I. Series, 1–2, pg. 199.

(2) Manual of The Little Compton United Congregational Church.

try. This right is a thirty-second part of the whole town. Notwithstanding the appropriation, part of it by some means early got into the hands of the town, now [1803] remains there, and, from the circumstances of its alienation, is called *Pilfershire*."[1] And further, at the General Court held at Plymouth the second day of June, 1685, it is "ordered that Little Compton and the villages belonging to ye constablerick, pay this year fifteen pounds, to be raised according to law, for the encouragement of some to preach the Word of God among them, or otherwise to be disposed of, according as the law hath provided."[2]

But even the presence here of a goodly number of Pilgrims and their descendants, together with the grant of land and the vote of money, is not adequate to the dispensing of the gospel to the community. For how are they to hear without a preacher? And a preacher is not long in coming to them. For "Eliphalet Adams is chosen their religious teacher, in public town meeting, Sept. 7, 1697, and continues his labors until Sept. 21, 1700. On November the first, the Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Middleborough, Mass., and the Rev. John Danforth, of Taunton, visit this town and preach, and on the Sabbath following they administer the ordinance of baptism to sixty-five persons. In June, 1701, John Clarke is chosen minister,"[3] who continues his labors for but five months, and is then succeeded by Richard Billings, Nov. 14, 1701, the same year in which Yale College is founded. Mr. Billings performs his duties as a religious teacher "to the satisfaction of the pious and well disposed," and in the autumn of 1704, a letter missive is sent to some neighboring churches requesting that they assemble in this town by their elders and messengers in order that Mr. Billings may be ordained and some individuals, who have signified their intention so to do, may enter into covenant with the Lord and with one another. The elders and messengers assemble Nov. 30, 1704, and on that day Mr. Billings is ordained and this church is organized with ten male members.

(1) *Notes on Little Compton*, by Rev. William Emerson. Mass. Hist. Society Collection, 1803.

(2) Plymouth Colony Records, Vol. VI, pg. 170.

(3) *Manual of the Little Compton United Congregational Church.*

And who is this young man thus ordained and installed first pastor of the Congregational Church in this town? And of what caliber and character are these ten men,—William Pabodie, Thomas Gray, William Pabodie, Jun., Joseph Blackman, James Bennett, Joseph Church, Jonathan Davenport, John Palmer, John Church and Sylvester Richmond? And what are the *times* in which this company, building more largely than they know, embark on their great enterprise? As to the times, it may be said that in 1704 Salem has for twelve years been resting from her witch-hanging business; that Cotton Mather is preaching in Boston; that Jonathan Edwards is a little boy, one year old, at East Windsor, Connecticut, destined to become, according to Mr. John Fiske, "the greatest intelligence of the western world;" that Massachusetts has seventy-six Congregational churches and eight Indian churches, Connecticut thirty-five Congregational churches, New Hampshire, seven; Maine, two; Boston, one Episcopal church and two Baptist churches, Rhode Island two or three Baptist churches,[1] and that in the last named State there are to welcome this newborn daughter of Plymouth four sister Congregational churches—the Newman Church at East Providence and those at Barrington, Bristol, and Kingston. And as to the men thus constituted a church, these bear Pilgrim names (one of them having married a daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins), are Puritan in faith, and are destined to play a leading part in the growth of the town and the church. And of the minister thus authorized to marry and administer the ordinances, it may be said that he comes from Dorchester, Mass., has probably been born in England, is a graduate of Harvard College, with the class of 1698, and is not altogether devoid of personal charms, since Awashonks, the squaw—Sachem of the Sogkonate Indians, expresses to him her strong desire that he become the Sachem-Consort of the tribe, and is much surprised and mortified to learn that he prefers the position he already holds.[2]

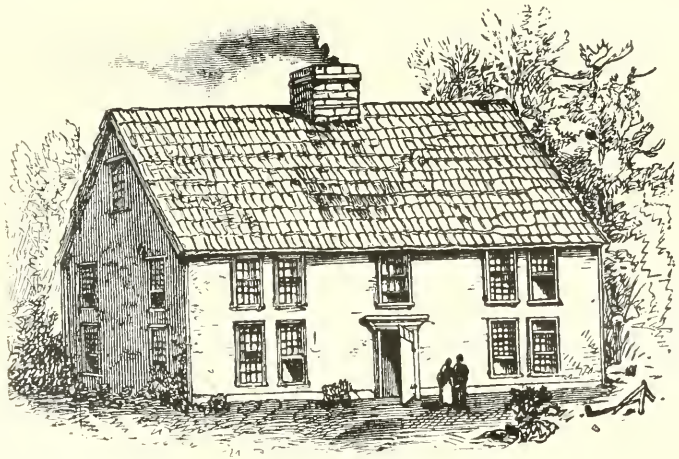
(1) *Congregationalists in America*, by Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., pg. 203.
(2) From letter from Miss Flora L. Mason of Taunton.

And what is the significance of this ecclesiastical union of the young Englishman and the ten Pilgrim descendants? First of all, Mr. Billings now has the power to marry the swains and sweethearts when they apply to him. Hitherto during the three years he has served the people as their religious teacher he has in this respect been at a serious disadvantage. For, on the second of October, 1689, at Plymouth, "Mr. Joseph Church is authorized by this Court to solemnize marriages in the Town of Little Compton until this Court shall otherwise order."[1] And this Joseph Church, with respect to the matrimonial business, has a start of Mr. Billings by fifteen years and a lead of twenty-eight marriages. But the minister loses no time making a beginning. On the seventh of December, following his ordination November thirtieth, he unites in holy matrimony Susana Wilcox and Jonathan Head. Thenceforth there is a lively competition, first, between the minister and Joseph Church, then between the minister and Col. Benjamin and Thomas Church, and later between him and Sylvester and William Richmond. But Mr. Billings finishes the race in 1748 with a long lead over his successive competitors, he having at least two hundred and forty-two marriages to his credit in this town alone.

Then, too, in other ways the minister is equally stirring. He has some knowledge of medicine; and since, according to tradition, his residence is near the northeast corner of the Common, thither we can imagine his parishioners coming for succor to both soul and body. In 1723 the congregation votes to build a new meeting house "42 feet long, 38 feet wide and 20 feet between joists."[2] The edifice is completed and the first meeting held in it on the last Saturday in 1724. The year previous Increase Mather dies in Boston, declaring that "there is a grievous decay of piety in the land and a leaving of the first love, and the beauties of holiness are not to be seen as they once were. The very interest of New England seems to be changed from a religious

(1) Plymouth Colony Records, Vol. VII, pg. 218.

(2) *Record of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary Celebration*, pg. 12.



The Old Town Hall, Little Compton.

From an Old Print

to a worldly one."[1] Yet this is not true of the state of religion in Little Compton. For here there is a turning of many to righteousness. The next year after Mr. Billings is ordained, the Priscillas of the parish, recognizing that in Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free, male nor female, begin to come into the church, heirs with the Aquillas, their husbands and brothers, of the same promise. Nor are the Indians neglected. These swarthy residents are accustomed to assemble together for worship. They meet in a building of their own, and "once a month, on the Lord's Day, the minister instructs them." So the good work goes forward under the leadership of this man of God, the Lord adding from time to time of such as are being saved, until the year 1742-43, when, New England being already awakened by the great revival at Northampton under Edwards, and being further stirred by the appeals of George Whitfield, then visiting the colonies, this parish, remote from the centers of religious excitement, itself begins powerfully to feel the throbbeat of the divine life, and seventy-five souls are added to the church in demonstration of the truth that "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." And so it is not surprising that interest in religion extends beyond Compton; so that August eighteenth, 1746, eight male and fifteen female members are dismissed from this church to be organized into a church in an adjoining town. These twenty-three disciples take what falleth to them and depart, not into a far country, but to Tiverton. Nor do they spend their goods in riotous living. The church there is our own daughter, the branch of our planting.

But the time draws nigh when the good man and faithful shepherd must depart out of this world. He has received one hundred and ninety-six members into the church. He has baptized seven hundred and twenty eight. He has ministered to the sick, comforted the dying, preached the gospel to the poor, and now, in the year 1748, in a good old age,

(1) *Congregationalists in America*, by Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., pg. 232.

he is gathered to his fathers, and what is mortal is buried beside the church he loved so well.

It is now 1749. Washington is a youth of seventeen years in Virginia, destined to lead the armies of the Revolution. Faneuil Hall, Boston, the cradle of American liberty, has been built but seven years. Three years ago the boundary line was settled between the Massachusetts and the Rhode Island Colony when Little Compton, together with other towns to the north and northwest, becomes a part of the Colony of Rhode Island. Edwards is still preaching at Northampton. There are in this town ten hundred and four whites, sixty-two negroes, and eighty-six Indians.[1] The church hears at least two candidates, a Mr. Brown, and Jonathan Ellis. The former for a time "preaches half the day on Lord's Days with Mr. Ellis," but is not permanently retained. Of the personality of Mr. Ellis we have only a meager account. But in "Sketches of Ministers,"[2] written by Emerson Davis and preserved in his own handwriting, occurs the following: "Reverend Jonathan Ellis of Sandwich, Mass., graduated from Harvard in 1737, and was ordained pastor of the Second Church in Plymouth, Mass., November eighth, 1738, when he was but twenty-one years old. Being naturally earnest, he became exceedingly enthusiastic, and said so many extravagant things that the people became disaffected and he was dismissed October thirty-first, 1749." He is installed pastor of this church December fifth of the same year.

For thirty-six years Mr. Ellis continues pastor of the church. During this time he marries almost two hundred couples, but he receives into the church only twenty-six members. I shall attempt no explanation of this poor numerical showing except to say that, while political agitation, Sabbath desecration, the corruption of public morals and the dissemination of atheistic doctrines doubtless retard the spiritual work, here as elsewhere, the most adequate explanation is probably that the minister and his

(1) Records of the Colony of Rhode Island, Vol. V: pg. 270.

(2) *Sketches of Ministers*, by Rev. Emerson Davis, Congregational Library, Boston.

people do not launch out into the deep and cast their net at the right side of the boat. Be this as it may, as a result of the decline in the membership of the church during this long pastorate, it after a time comes to pass that there are few male members in the church. But *men* a parish *must* have to attend to its *business*. And many good, straightforward men Little Compton has at this time: only they are not members of the church, and there is no telling when they will be. So the idea is conceived, or rather, it is appropriated—for it is not new—that there shall be a society composed of the gentlemen of the parish who wish to join it, and that this society shall have charge of the property of the parish and manage the finances. And right here, in this psychological pass to which Ellis and his people have come, is the genesis of The United Congregational Society which is organized in February, 1785, under a charter granted by the State of Rhode Island "for the purpose of raising a fund, by free and voluntary subscriptions, contributions, legacies and donations, for the support of public worship by the Congregational Society [now known as the United Congregational Church], in the town of Little Compton aforesaid, of which Reverend Jonathan Ellis is the present pastor."[1] The granting of this charter, in answer to the petition of forty-six gentlemen of the parish, is the last important event connected with the church that transpires during his pastorate. For fifteen years Mr. Ellis has been a near neighbor of the eminent Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Newport. The conflict between England and France for political supremacy east of the Mississippi and the War of the Revolution pass into history during the residence of this good man here; and now, on September seventh, 1785, just one hundred and nineteen years ago to-day, he dies, his body is buried near the grave of Mr. Billings, and when he dies, there is in the nearby town of Newport a lovable little boy, but five years old, and destined powerfully to influence New England and the world, and his name is William Ellery Channing.

The church is now without a pastor for a year and a half.

(1) *Charter of the United Congregational Society.*

It is during this interim that Adam Simmons, a Justice of the Peace, reaps a rich harvest in marriage fees. But said Adams Simmons soon comes to grief; for January, 1787, a young man, Mase Shepard by name, is called. This gentleman is a native of Norton, Mass., where he was born in 1759, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, has studied theology with Rev. E. Judson, of Taunton, and is, or is to become—I have not learned which—a brother-in-law of the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson. But the problem of securing a parsonage, in which the new minister is to live, now engages the attention of the parish during the interval before his installation; and as to the manner in which this question is handled, the following extract from the Records of the Colony of Rhode Island, truly photographic of the sentiment in many churches at this time, speaks most eloquently: "Whereas the United Congregational Society in the town of Little Compton, preferred a petition and represented unto this assembly that God, in his providence, having taken from them their late pastor, Jonathan Ellis, by death, they have unanimously made choice of a young gentleman to preach the Gospel to them; that the calamities of the time, and the want of a sufficient fund to support a minister, necessitate them to pray this Assembly to grant them the benefit of a lottery, for raising the sum of six hundred pounds, of the paper money of this State, for the purpose of building a parsonage house in the said town, for the said Society; and that Messrs. Perez Richmond, George Simmons, Nathaniel Church, David Stoddard, Nathaniel Searle, and John Davis may be appointed managers thereof; which being duly considered,

"It is voted and resolved, that the prayer of the said petition be granted; that the said Society be empowered to set forth a lottery for the purpose of raising the sum of six hundred pounds, lawful money, for building a parsonage house for the said Society in the said town; that the said Perez Richmond, Etc., be, and they are, hereby appointed managers of the said Lottery, and empowered to agree on a scheme for the same; provided, they shall previously give bond to the Treasurer of the State, in a sum double the

amount of said scheme, for the faithful performance of their said trust; and that no expense accrue thereon to the State." [1]

The Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, is Moderator of the Council which on September nineteenth, 1787, ordains the gentleman recently engaged to preach; and we are informed that between the sessions of the Council refreshments are served at the house of Capt. George Simmons, which, in harmony with the customs of the day, include "four gallons of rum, three gallons of wine, one gallon of brandy, one hundred and forty-five pounds of veal, twenty pounds of ham, twelve pounds of pork, fourteen pounds of beef," and various other good things. But that the young minister, the traditions of the elders to the contrary notwithstanding, touched not either the rum, wine or brandy, is evident from the solemn statement (not made under oath) of his famous and lamented son, the late Prof. Shepard, that "My father never gave or accepted any form of distilled liquor in his intercourse with his people." [2]

Mase Shepard is now the ordained pastor of this church, Only two days ago, that is, September seventeenth, 1787, the Constitutional Convention assembled at Philadelphia and presided over by the illustrious Washington, after four months' deliberation, adjourns, having completed its great work and framed our Federal Constitution. But, of course, Mr. Shepard is not aware of that. Nor does he know that ere long a terrible catastrophe, to be known to future ages as the French Revolution, will convulse all Europe. Anyhow, he does know that his duty is to do with all his might whatsoever his hand findeth to do. And so, constitutions and revolutions to one side for the present, he goes to work with singleness of purpose. He looks over the town and finds that it has a white population which may be divided as follows: Two hundred and ninety-nine males and two hundred and eighty-two females under sixteen years of age; forty-six males and sixty-two females between sixteen and

(1) Records of The Colony of Rhode Island, Vol. X, pg. 232.
(2) *One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary Record*, pg. 58.

twenty-two; one hundred and ninety males and two hundred and thirty-three females between twenty-two and fifty; seventy-six males and one hundred and six females upwards of fifty. There are also in town about a dozen Indians and thirty-four negroes—in all, thirteen hundred and fifty souls.[1] And the one point in the parish to which, next the church, the people look, as to a rock in a weary land, is that place where the pastor resides, first, about a half mile north of the Common, and afterward a short distance south of the Common, where subsequently is the home of Deacon Isaac B. Richmond. Thither the thoughts and steps of the people go, and thence to the people speed the love, sympathy and watchfulness of the pastor.

The personality of Mr. Shepard is one of the finest compounds of human excellence this place has ever known. He is described as "a man of peculiar sociability, amiability and dignity," and is of commanding presence and powerful voice. He is fond of children and baptizes a great many of them. It is said that, often when calling in his parish, meeting a boy or girl in the road, Mr. Shepard would stop and inquire, "Well, whose boy are you?" or "Whose girl are you?" and when told, would say, "I hope you will grow up to be a better man than your father is," or "I hope you will grow to be a better woman than your mother is." Like Origen, who, first at Alexandria, and afterward at Caesarea, instructed the youth who came to him in great numbers, this godly man, though "not a close student,"[2] is wont, on a smaller scale, to imbue the young men of this region with the doctrines of the gospel, some finding his tutorship a gateway to the ministry. He is associated with Samuel Hopkins and William Patten in the formation of the Rhode Island Missionary Society, and on the death of Dr. Hopkins is chosen President of that Society. There are one hundred and six marriages credited to him on the books of the town. One hundred members are admitted during the first eighteen years of his pastorate. In 1806 the great revival comes, and in one year one hundred and

(1) *Records of the Colony of Rhode Island*, Vol. IX, pg. 653.
(2) *Sketches of Ministers* by Rev. Emerson Davis, Congregational Library, Boston.

six more are added. The discipline is enforced. Complaints are brought before the church at different times charging one brother with breach of promise, which is not sustained; another with breach of marriage contract, which is sustained; another with injuring his brother in his worldly interest, which is not sustained. And it is during this pastorate that Lemuel Sisson, wife and eleven children come over from Newport and locate at Seaconnet Point. There in their house the first Methodist meeting in town is held. In 1820 they begin to hold preaching services. Interest increases and an edifice is erected in 1825. Henceforth Israel is divided, not *geographically*, but *psychologically;* and to the credit of our Methodist brethren be it said that they have been very zealous for the God of their fathers and have set up idolatrous shrines neither at Dan nor Bethel. It is also during this pastorate that the American Board is organized, the mission to the Hawaiian Islands established, Andover, Yale and Bangor Theological Seminaries founded, while the controversy between Trinitarians and Unitarians in New England goes on in earnest. And this wonderful man, having seen the glory of the Lord revealed at home and abroad, dies February fourteenth, 1821, in the sixty-second year of his age, and less than three months before the conqueror of Europe passes away at St. Helena. The body of Mr. Shepard is buried beside the church he has led from strength to strength.

Thus far, during the one hundred and seventeen years since the organization of the church, but three ministers have been shepherd to this people. Now begins the period of relatively short pastorates. During the next forty-six years five men successively minister to the parish—Emerson Paine, Samuel W. Colburne, Alfred Goldsmith, Samuel Beane and Nathaniel Beach. Mr. Paine graduates from Brown University in 1813, studies theology with Dr. Emmons at Franklin, is ordained at Middleborough in 1816, and comes to this town in 1822. Two years before his arrival the population reaches its highest point, the census of

1820 giving fifteen hundred and eighty souls to Little Compton.[1]

The new minister brings with him a wife, whom he has found at Dighton. They live opposite the church, near where Mr. Bodington now resides. With respect to body Mr. Paine is short and stout. He is a very sober man, even despondent, often declaring when he comes from church Sunday that he does not see how he can ever preach another sermon. He is an able reasoner and a profound thinker. His sermons are very long—some say one hour and a half. A gentleman leaving the church at the close of a Sunday afternoon service is heard to remark, "Well, he has preached the hens to roost this time." He is loved by many, respected by all, though not a favorite with everyone. Prayer meetings are held at the homes of the people, and always announced to "begin at early candle lighting." The church votes to revise the confession of faith, and a committee is appointed for that purpose. The minister has a large Bible class that meets one of the weekday evenings. His influence is very great. The present edifice, except the tall steeple and basement, is erected in 1832. The same year the membership is two hundred and thirty-nine. Heretofore the church has lost relatively few members by their removal out of town. Now they begin frequently to be dismissed and recommended to churches in other towns and cities whither they have gone. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Mr. Paine, however, receives many into the church. The church of Christ throughout the world is beginning to manifest great interest in foreign missions. Those at Beirut, Syria; at Canton, China; in Western Turkey, Siam, Singapore, Persia and West Africa are founded during this pastorate. And the heart of this church beats in unison with that of the Church universal, so that about this time "The Male and Female Missionary Society" is organized. John C. Calhoun and other southerners are talking secession, and the country is ringing with the peerless defense of the Union and the Constitution by Daniel Webster in the Senate at Washington. Mr. Paine resigns in

(1) *Rhode Island Manual*, 1904.

1834, and is succeeded by Mr. Colburne, who is tall and stout, jolly and pleasant, comfortable himself, likes to see others comfortable, is a good speaker, never hurries his people, is liked by all, laughs jokingly at those who are anti-slavery in sentiment, and resigns in 1838, after three years' service.

Mr. Goldsmith is now invited "to accept the pastoral office of this Church and Society, with a salary of six hundred dollars annually, and the Parsonage added whenever you have a family." One year after the young preacher comes to town the annual Consociation of Congregational Churches of Rhode Island is held at Scituate, when the following report is presented by the committee on desecration of the Sabbath and adopted by that body: "This Consociation, feeling itself deeply grieved by repeated complaints of *Sabbath desecration*, through the delinquences of members of the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ, as well as others, traveling for purposes of business or pleasure on that *holy day*, do most solemnly and affectionately advise and exhort all the members of our churches wholly to abstain from, and discountenance all such traveling, either by private conveyance or in public stages, steamboat or railroad cars. And so important do the Consociation deem this subject that they advise the churches to consider all members persisting in such delinquencies as proper subjects of reproof and admonition."[1]

The new minister is tall and slender, is a spiritual preacher, an active pastor, and soon becomes popular. The church has no organ. Mr. Goldsmith proposes that the society buy an organ. Objection is made that there is no one to play it. "You get the organ, and I will furnish a player," replies the minister. And shortly he makes good his promise by marrying a young lady and bringing her to town. They live where Clarence C. Wordell and family now reside, the society having purchased that property during the pastorate of Mr. Colburne. The name of the minister's wife is Sarah; and a good musician she is, and

(1) Minutes of the Evangelical Consociation of Congregational Churches of Rhode Island, 1841.

often at the midweek service the minister turns and says, "Sarah, sing Ariel:

> Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
> Oh, could I sound the glories forth."

The pews of the church hitherto have faced, and for some time after continue to face, southward. The colored people have seats reserved for them at the north end of the main galleries. They take their lunch between the Sunday services along the road now known as "Nigger Lane;" and the young white folks go down under the willows just north of the present parsonage to eat theirs. The question relative to the use of wine at communion is agitating the church and it is voted to refer the question for decision to the Reverend Messrs. Fowler, of Fall River; Shepard, of Bristol, and Blodgett, of Pawtucket. The church makes some progress under the leadership of Mr. Goldsmith, but in one respect he is not abreast of the times. He does not approve of slavery; nor does he disapprove of it. Many people in about all the churches at this time feel that the subject of slavery ought to have no reference made to it from the pulpit, because such reference causes trouble. Wendell Phillips tells Harvard after the War that from her foundation she has always been set flint-like against every great reform. The following letter is written in these circumstances and sent to the church in May, 1843:

"*To the Members of The Congregational Church in Little Compton.*

"Dear Friends: The undersigned feel that they can no longer retain a conscience void of offense towards God or man, without addressing you on a subject which lies near our hearts.

"In the course of the past winter a request signed by twelve of the church was made to your pastor to call a meeting of the church to consider the subject of slavery, and the duty of the church in relation to it. This he utterly refused to do, but suggested that a meeting might be called by the senior deacon of the church. Thereupon some of us requested Deacon Burgess to call a meeting of the church.

This he did, and, at the appointed time, those of us who could conveniently do so repaired to the meetinghouse, but what was our astonishment to find that with one consent our brethren and sisters had failed to meet us. This we consider a direct violation on your part of your covenant engagements to sympathize with, care for and watch over us.

"In consequence of your wanton violation of your engagements, virtual rejection of us as brethren and sisters, refusal to communicate with us in relation to certain slanderous reports which have been in circulation touching our character as abolitionists, and your manifest determination to continue to countenance the awful iniquity of slavery, by holding in full communion and fellowship slaveholders, slaveholding churches and apologists for slavery, we feel it to be a solemn duty we owe to God. to ourselves, and to our crushed and suffering fellow creatures, to consider ourselves no longer members of the Congregational church, and to withhold from you as a church, all Christian communion, fellowship and support.

"As this is probably the last time we shall ever address you as a church (unless you should repent and bring forth works meet for repentance in respect to the things mentioned in this letter) we take this opportunity to say to you, that for all the offenses committed against us by the church, or by individual members, we tender you our cordial Christian forgiveness, and for all the offenses which we have committed against you, whether individually or as a church, we ask the same forgiveness which we extend to you.

Thomas Burgess,	Mercy Wilbour,
Samuel S. Burgess,	Lydia Burgess,
James Bailey,	Thankful Bailey,
William Wood,	Abagail Bailey,
Joseph Coe,	Ruth A. Bailey,
David Shaw,	Diana G. Wood,
Orrin W. Simmons,	Ann G. Tompkins,
Ruth Burgess,	Lydia Bailey,

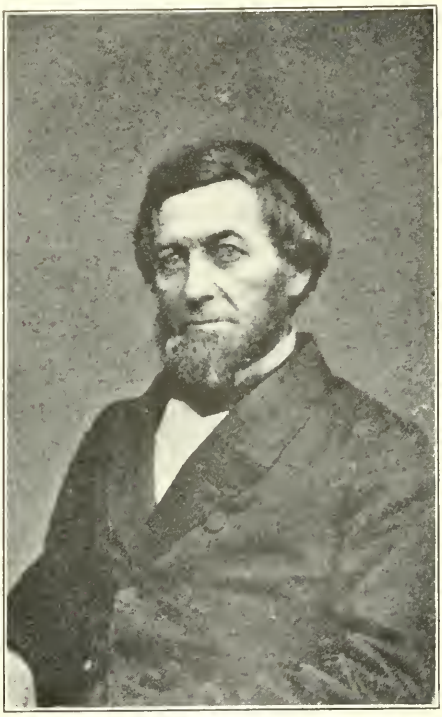
Mary Ann Taylor."[1]

(1) Letter in possession of Mr. Sidney R. Burleigh, of Providence.

The same day the above communication is presented to the church, a committee is appointed to confer with the seventeen members who have withdrawn, and the following July fourth, 1843, a church meeting is held, Deacon Isaac B. Richmond in the chair, when, after a motion to immediately adjourn is defeated, the following resolution is presented and adopted:

"*Resolved.* That in the judgment of this church the system of slavery, or buying and selling human beings for gain, and holding them in involuntary servitude, is a great political and moral evil, offensive to God and man, and as such we ought in all lawful ways to discountenance it and to seek its removal." Mr. Goldsmith resigns in June, of the following year. The dismissing Council speaks of him as "An affectionate, faithful and devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ." He might have imitated the great Dr. Hopkins, who, sixty or seventy years before from his Newport pulpit, had boldly denounced human slavery and persuaded some of his parishioners to free their slaves; but he did not. And after all, perhaps we ought to be tender in our judgment of those who failed to read aright the signs of the times; for human nature is to-day just as shirking and compromising as it was in 1843. And however desirable it may be, it is yet not to be expected that every man shall have the sublime moral vision and courage of a Martin Luther or an Abraham Lincoln.

It is now 1844. Henry Ward Beecher is preaching at Indianapolis, three years hence to come to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. This church calls a Mr. Beane, and in 1846 it is voted unanimousy to install him and to give him a salary of five hundred and seventy-five dollars, "together with the use of the parsonage place and society pew No. 62 for each calendar year, with leave of absence for three Sabbaths . . . . under the following conditions: That you pay all lawful taxes on said place, keep the walls, bars, gates, fences in good repair; also the internal parts of the buildings, painting included, and leave them when called to do so, in as good repair as when received, common wear excepted." In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Beane says:



Rev. Samuel Beane

"Having thus consented to become your pastor, I shall henceforward close my ears to all solicitations from other quarters, feel that you are my people, and endeavor, as much as in me lies, to promote your spiritual interests."

The new minister is a lovable man. That very couple are in this audience whom Mr. Beane *begins* marrying in Westport, Mass., and whom, after the marriage feast, he *finishes* marrying on the public highway just this side of the State line about a mile and a half to the eastward of the Little Compton Common. The mistress of the parsonage for several years has been principal of Wheaton Seminary at Norton. Mrs. Beane attends the meetings of the Ladies Sociable and the ladies read Uncle Tom's Cabin and other books at these gatherings. This leader among the Priscillas is accustomed to tell them how beautiful it is for the wife to submit to the husband, often quoting the words of Paul on that point: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." But the ladies know that Mr. Beane submits to the will of his wife quite as much as she does to him. The minister takes a firm stand against slavery and is leader of the movement that culminates in the planting of trees around the cemetery.

But it is the more properly spiritual work of the church under this man's leadership for which his pastorate will ever be memorable. The church sends a conciliatory letter to the seventeen members who have withdrawn, and some of them resume their former relation. It is now voted that the name of the church be The United Congregational Church. A great revival comes in 1849-50. One Sunday is especially memorable for its solemnity. And as to the *fruitage* of the revival, I will let the report of the church to the State Conference this year speak: "Membership, 207. Amount raised for benevolent purposes, $400. A powerful work of divine grace has been vouchsafed to this church the past year, which has affected all ages and classes, and greatly increased the strength and numbers of the church. Sixty-five have already been added by profession, and others stand propounded, and others still will soon make a profession. Congregations on the Sabbath increased and Sab-

bath School flourishing."[1] But the good man resigns in 1856 on account of ill-health. At the request of his people, he takes some months' rest, but returns still of the opinion that he must go. He is loath to leave, and the people are loath to have him leave. Not since the death of the lamented Mase Shepard have they been so deeply saddened at the prospect of parting with their pastor. He, however, in 1857 takes final leave of his loving flock, who tell him that "in times of distraction and trial, he has been a wise counselor; in times of affliction, a great comforter; in times of prosperity, a most efficient aid." Webster, Clay and Calhoun have gone. The Republican Party has been born, determined to resist the further extension of human slavery in America. The country is drifting toward civil war. For a time Mr. Beane is principal of the seminary at Beloit, Wisconsin, and later preaches some years at Norton, Mass., whence, in 1865, he is called to his eternal rest.

The leadership of the church now passes to Nathaniel Beach. This gentleman comes here from Milbury, Massachusetts. He is a good preacher, a faithful pastor, and a social man among the people. It is said that no man ever came to town who made as good prayers as does Mr. Beach. He always says the right word to the sick. He does not, however, believe in women's speaking in meeting. Nor has he any fondness for the new theology. His Bible class numbers from thirty to forty members. The benevolences are systematized in 1861 and the church votes to take periodical collections for the different objects. The pews in the church which hitherto have faced southward now face northward. The church decides to have all the old records transcribed and appoints Isaac B. Richmond and John Church a committee to attend to the matter. The membership in 1863 is one hundred and fifty-one. The Sabbath School numbers one hundred and seventy-three. The same year Mr. Beach reports to the State Conference as follows: "While there has been some increase in the Sabbath School, and hopeful indications at times in our community, we must report another year of spiritual dearth,—must say as

(1) Minutes of the Evangelical Consociation of Rhode Island, June, 1850.

Simon once said to the Master, 'We have toiled all night and have taken nothing'—nothing from the world into the church. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, have choked the word and rendered it unfruitful another year. But still there are those among us who labor and pray in hope that in due time we may be able to cast the net on the right side of the ship and gather a multitude for Christ."[1] In another report to the State Conference he says that "the Sabbath School and the prayermeeting and the contributions to the benevolent objects all feel the depressing influence and prolonged spiritual declension. There is a lack of brotherly love—a disregard of covenant obligations—a neglect of the prescribed discipline of Christ's church—a general apathy and worldliness." This pessimistic tone pervades most of the annual reports of the church to the conference during this pastorate, so that quite naturally in 1866 the pastor persuades the church to supplement gospel with law by defining that clause in the rules that refers to "immoral conduct and breach of expressed covenant vows" as being "the use of or traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage; the occupation of the hours of the Lord's Day with ordinary secular labor; or with visiting, or riding for pleasure; dancing and card playing and social amusements." Mr. Beach resigns in 1867. His pastorate has covered the period of the Civil War when the national conscience has been illumined as never before and when men and battlefields have been making their names sacred in the annals of free government. He has received about fifty members into the church, and the dismissing Council speaks of him as "a Christian gentleman, a ripe scholar, and a laborious and faithful Christian minister."

From 1867 to the present time no less than seven pastors successively lead this church; and their periods of service are as follows: George F. Walker, 1867-72; Augustus M. Rice, 1873-75; William D. Hart, 1875-89; Thomas F. Norris, 1889-91; James Lade, 1892-98; Charles D. Crawford, 1898-1900, when the present pastor takes up the work. The

(1) Minutes of the R. I. Conference of Congregational Churches, June, 1863.

church and society vote to pay Mr. Walker a salary of ten hundred and fifty dollars, together with the use of the parsonage place. But the minister, besides being a writer and preacher of ability, is somewhat of a mechanic; and soon after his arrival in town he expresses his desire for a new parsonage. In accordance with this wish, the old parsonage place is sold, land is bought and the present parish house built. Then as he and his people walk about Zion, they conceive the idea of raising the church, putting a vestry underneath and building the tall steeple; and the same is undertaken. Mr. Walker helps shingle the renovated edifice and he himself relates that one day the fog[1] is so thick that he nails the shingles right on it. The new parsonage place becomes the scene of many delightful old ladies' parties in strawberry time. The rules of the church are revised and the church manual reprinted; and in 1871 the Sunday afternoon service that has come down from a former time is, by vote of the church, discontinued. The pastor resigns in 1872 and a Mr. Wheeler is then offered the largest salary that has ever been offered any minister to come here—twelve hundred and fifty dollars, together with the use of the parsonage,—but he declines the call.

Of the next four pastors and the work they did it would be pleasant to speak at length, did time permit; but they are all here and will speak for themselves. Suffice it for me to say that Mr. Rice is remembered as a vigorous and spiritual preacher, and one who does much to start some people in the Christian life; that Mr. Hart is recalled as a gospel preacher, a devoted and wise pastor, and one who beautifies the parsonage grounds, does considerable to improve the singing and the Sunday School, organizes the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor and materially adds to the church membership; that Mr. Norris is still thought of as one who has served as a youth in helping put down the Rebellion, comes to this place full of the energy and enthusiasm of the mission fields of Kansas, and always has a good sermon; and that Mr. Lade while here preaches practical

(1) At times the fog in Little Compton is very dense, completely enveloping the town.

sermons, renders efficient service as chorister and is a faithful visitor at the homes of the people. Reverend Charles D. Crawford, after graduating from college, completes his theological course at the Yale Divinity School. He serves as pastor of a church in Colorado and one in Kansas City, and then comes to Little Compton. He is a deep thinker, an earnest preacher, a sympathetic pastor, and a Christian gentleman. He is not puffed up, does not behave himself unseemly, seeks not his own, is not easily provoked, vaunts not himself, rejoices in the truth, and is very helpful and kind in his visits to the sick.[1] And the rest of the acts of these men, and of the church which they led, behold! they are written in God's Book of Life! The present pastor comes to town in the autumn of 1900. Two preaching services on the Sabbath are maintained. The church manual is revised and reprinted. Over twenty members are received into the church. Land is purchased, sheds built, and other improvements made.

Thus, during the two hundred years of the existence of our church men of varying individuality have preached from this pulpit. Some have been able expounders of the word of God. Others have excelled as pastors. This one has been conservative in theology; that one more liberal. Here was one who was aggressive on questions of moral reform; there one who moved more slowly. And yet if all of these fifteen men, from Richard Billings down to the speaker, were here, not one of us could say to another, "I have had no need of thee;" for is it not *true* that the selfsame Spirit has worked in and through all these leaders, speaking the gentle word here, the strong word there; sounding the conservative note at this time, the progressive at that time; that so, in this place, in the lives of succeeding generations of men and women, there might be reproduced all the elements of character that the Man of Galilee exemplified who was gentle as a mother and yet strong as the great reformer; and who, while believing that God did verily speak unto Moses and the prophets, himself knew the Father at first hand? And as the minister to-day looks

(1) Mr. Crawford passed away in New York City in May, 1904.

through the records of the church during this long period, seeing the prominent family names, some of which are now locally extinct; as he sees pass before him the great throng who in this town have fought the good fight and kept the faith, and have here helped create, conserve and direct a strong and righteous public sentiment, while he is fully convinced that the members of this church during the two hundred years since its organization, in common with Christ's disciples everywhere, "have been touched with the feeling of our infirmities" and that "their hearts have often burned within them" as their shepherds "talked with them by the way," he yet cannot help saying of those shepherds, dead and living, "Blessed were your eyes when you saw and knew these men and women in Israel." And yet it will not do for an ancient church merely to thirst for the glad days of the past. For two things are demanded of every such church located in a New England town. First of all, both pastor and people must be able, intelligently and reverently, to appreciate the Past—since God has been in that Past—and understand what the men and women of New England have accomplished during the last two hundred and fifty or three hundred years, and the terrible sacrifices involved. Then they must be able to discern the *potentialities* of the Present, and know how these are to be changed into living facts. For during all the years since the first Puritan walked these shores and while our fathers were bringing forth in Yankeeland a civilization grand as the world has ever seen, the words of Scripture have always been true that "What is seen hath not been made out of things which appear."

The people who worship in this historic place are now to begin the ascent of the third century of the noble career of their church. The world-view that greets their eyes differs materially from that which Pastor Billings and his people beheld. *Then* men had made no extensive critical study of the Bible. They knew little of the marvelous revelations of science. The ethnic religions had not been made to shed much light on the thought of the Apostle that whom the Athenians worshipped in ignorance, him Paul was de-

claring unto them. The racial, political and commercial movements, which in our time are vehicles for a mightier inflow of the life of God, had not assumed present proportions. The larger joy of Christian toleration was not understood. Today all this is changed. God has said to humanity, "Take up thy bed and walk;" and humanity, having obeyed, can never again adjust herself to the isolation of the past. The Church of Jesus Christ, having moved out from her fastnesses, will never return. And right here is the opportunity for the Puritanism of the fathers, baptized into the *breadth* of the Gospel, to teach the Sovereignty of God, a stricter interpretation of the moral law, a more faithful observance of the Lord's Day and those germinal truths that lie at the heart of the Christian religion. And let no one imagine that he can get along without that which made the fathers great and good. For it is the duty of every generation to seek the good the past did *not* have and *keep* the good the past did have. To teach this truth, to interpret in the spirit of Christ the wonderous ways of providence in our modern world, to have all men see and act out the truth that through the worship of the living God man's nature is attuned to the Spiritual Order that out of it messages may come and blessings flow—such is a part of the work which this church will continue to do through coming generations.

O! branch of the Church of Christ in Little Compton! For two hundred years thou hast proclaimed the gospel to the people of this town. Thou hast brought forth many noble sons and daughters. Thou hast taught them how to go, and they have leaned on thy arm. Thou hast baptized them, pointed them to God, married them and spoken words of comfort to them when dying. Thou hast been one of God's Good Samaritans going through all this region and binding up the wounds of poverty, unbelief and suffering. In thy day great things have been done in the earth. Washington has come and gone. Franklin has chained the lightning. Morse has invented the telegraph. This stalwart nation has risen and become a mighty power. The Union

has been saved. The slave has been freed. The gospel has been preached to all the world. But thou hast not been a silent witness to these movements of Providence. Thou hast seen, thou hast thought, thou hast spoken. Thy ministers and thy people have preached righteousness. Lo! they have seldom refrained their lips. And thou hast planted abroad the Larger Compton. Thou hast sent Bishop Brownell, Professor Shepard, Ray Palmer, and George W. Briggs to do the Lord's work in the wider world. And thus may it ever be! May it please God to give thee, O! mother of so many of the faithful, power to witness to His truth in coming time! May he permit thee to live to see this nation free from every curse that maketh an abomination and a lie and the whole earth filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea! May he give thee many worthy sons and daughters in the future, as in the past, who shall love the place of his sanctuary and establish here his work! For, as Lowell has written,

* * * "I might as well
Obey the meeting-house's bell,
And listen while Old Hundred pours
Forth through the Summer-opened doors,
From old and young. I hear it yet,
Swelled by bass-viol and clarinet,
While the gray minister, with face
Radiant, let loose his noble bass.
If Heaven it reached not, yet its roll
Waked all the echoes of the soul,
And in it many a life found wings
To soar away from sordid things.
Church gone and singers too, the song
Sings to me voiceless all night long,
Till my soul beckons me afar,
Glowing and trembling like a star."[1]

[1] "Credidimus Jovem Regnare," by James Russell Lowell.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Augustus M. Rice.

It is difficult for me either to express or repress the emotions which arise as I once more stand in this place and recall the facts that one of the original proprietors of this town of Little Compton and original members of this church, whose bones still lie beneath a brown-stone slab not a stone's throw from this pulpit, was my first New England ancestor; and also that, kneeling here, with the hands of the elders resting on my head, and the voice of the sainted Dr. Blodgett of Pawtucket sounding in my ear as he offered the ordaining prayer, I was set apart to the work of the gospel ministry. When I note the relation between these two facts so far apart in time and reflect upon the changes which have passed upon all things beneath the sun during the two hundred years between, I seem to see in this church a most impressive example of the survival of the fittest.

I can note but three things which in this town are at all the same as they were two hundred years ago; the ocean whose waves have never ceased to wash these shores through all the changeful years; the rocks which line these shores and stand as bulwarks to defend them against the encroachment of the waves, and this church of God built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple of the Lord. All else has changed. The primeval forests as well as the original inhabitants have given place to many successors. Six generations of men have in turn occupied the earth since this church was founded. Governments, customs, laws, habits and methods of living have suffered many transmutations since that early day. The men who

founded this church saluted another flag than the one which now drapes these walls; they swore allegiance to the sovereign who ruled across the seas; they dwelt in homes far different externally and internally from ours. What would the founders of this town think of the homes which now adorn these shores and dot these green fields about us? The costumes they wore, the utensils of their home life both indoors and out are the rare curios we are invited to inspect at the Hall this afternoon. What knowledge has this generation of pot-hooks and trammels? What boy or girl can tell you without a dictionary what a skillet or a runlet was used for?

Speaking of a runlet recalls a story told me by Gen. Nathaniel Church which illustrates the change in customs from those elder days and may also have a bearing on one of the statements made in the historical discourse by the pastor. Gen. Church said: When I was a boy we had what was called the "minister's wood-hauling." Just before cold weather in the fall there was a day appointed when the men went with their axes and oxen and carts out to the minister's wood lot and chopped down wood enough to last the minister a year, and hauled it to his house. It was great sport for us boys to go out with the men and see them cut down the trees. About the middle of the forenoon the minister would come out on his horse with a runlet strapped to his saddle and say, "I thought I would come out and see how you are getting on and bring you a little something to refresh you." Then he would get off his horse, take down the runlet, and, handing it with a cup to some one, would say, "You can all take a drink, but don't drink too much." Then they all took a drink, but they never gave me any. After talking a short time, the minister would ride away, saying, "I hope you will have a pleasant day and no accidents." The men would go back to work and presently they would get very lively. One would say to another: I stump you to cut down that tree before I do this one. And the axes would fly, and the way the trees would come down was a wonder to the small boys. I

was several years older before I saw any connection between that runlet and the way those trees came down.

I tell this story as it was told to me nearly thirty years ago, with no disposition to controvert the statement quoted by the historian to the effect that the Rev. Mase Shepard never used and never gave to others any intoxicating drink. General Church did not say what that runlet contained. He was not permitted to know. It might have been water from the spring, or some other liquid. Each one can draw his own conclusions. It is, however, quite plain that the Rev. Mr. Shepard knew how to use woodhauling day to the best advantage for his own woodpile. He may very well, for all that, have been an active participant in the temperance reforms of a hundred years ago. The church has survived and been found worthy to survive the passing of many customs prevalent in public and social life because it has been the most potent instrument in their removal.

This church has survived from generation to generation because of the beneficent work it has done for each one of them successively. When churches fail to do that, they, like other things, pass away. This church has always exerted a beneficial influence on the social life of the town. Whatever may be true of city churches, the country church keeps all classes of people in helpful touch with one another. At the church they meet and greet one another every week, inquire after the welfare of all, interchange bits of innocent neighborhood gossip, and go home with a stronger feeling that they are members one of another. Beginning as children in the Sunday School the young people here became acquainted; in the church choir and the church social they met under circumstances which tended to promote mutual respect and esteem, and, in many cases, unions which resulted in lifelong happiness to all concerned, in pure and pious homes without which no community can escape degeneracy.

This church has been a place where the rich and poor for six generations have met together to worship that God who is the Maker of them all. For that reason alone it deserves to survive. It has been the conservator of the Christian

Sabbath—a day set apart from worldly pursuits and pleasures, for rest and the worship of God. Without such a Sabbath any community, however intelligent, will lapse into barbarism gross or refined. This church has been the custodian and defender of a Holy Bible which is the Word of the living God whose truths alone can make man free, whose precepts alone can make him godlike. By the public reading, teaching and proclaiming of that Word this church has brought it into vital and saving contact with the minds and hearts and lives of the people of this town; for that purpose it was founded by the fathers, and for doing that work it has no substitute. This church has stood for spiritual realities, has kept alive in this community faith in an invisible God and an unseen world. Always and everywhere among men the strong drift has been toward materialism. Force and phenomena are what science and philosophy are principally occupied with. Men learned in such matters find it much easier either to ignore or deny the existence of aught else than to demonstrate or even admit it.

> "The stars, they tell us, blindly run,
> A web is woven across the sky.
> From out waste places comes a cry
> And murmurs from a dying sun."

This church, however, stands for just the opposite of all such teachings and tendencies. For two hundred years it has here taught that the stars do not blindly run; but that the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. There is no web woven across the sky; but we all are dwelling under an open Heaven with whose great Ruler we may have loving and unbroken fellowship, and the angels of God are continually ascending and descending on missions of love and mercy to the children of men.

The cries of the destroyer and the destroyed are not the only voices heard from out waste places. For God's tender mercies are over all his works; not a sparrow falleth without our Father: he opens his hand and supplies the

needs of every living thing, giving to all their meat in due season. For every cry of pain heard among his creatures there are a thousand notes of gladness. And although in this age there is pain and travail for all creatures, we live in hope of a better day, when the sun, instead of being a dying orb, shall shine with a splendor sevenfold his present brightness; for the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the sea, when sin and death shall disappear and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

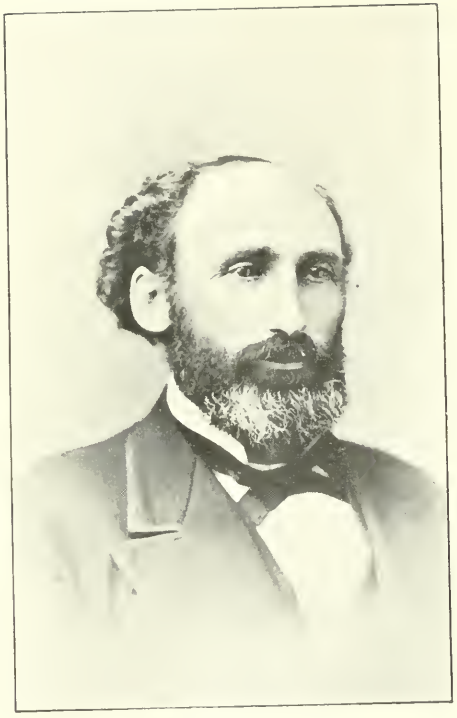
Because this church has kept men in this pulpit who preached and enforced these things, and because in these pews there have never been lacking men and women who lived and died in the belief and hope of them, this church has been found worthy to survive the changes of six generations. God grant that in the generations to come it may still have no lack of the same kind of preaching and believing: for thereby and thereby only will it demonstrate to the great Head of the Church and to all men its fitness to still survive.

ADDRESS

By Rev. William D. Hart.

In the ten minutes for reminiscences requested of me, I wish first of all to thank you for your cordial invitation to me and for your generous hospitality. I rejoice that the church is still bringing forth fruit in old age (Ps. 92:14) and is displaying the full vigor of youth.

First impressions are most vivid. I well remember some of my first experiences in Little Compton. I remember the first Compton man whom I met: the genial, well-informed Henry M. Tompkins, that delightful conversationalist. He met me with a carriage at Tiverton station, near the close of a Saturday in June, 1875. I remember the fog that enveloped us as we came down Windmill Hill, and the pitch darkness before we reached Deacon Simmons' roadgate. I remember thinking what a great dooryard Deacon Simmons must have; it took so long to reach the house from the street. The cordial welcome from the Deacon's family and the refreshing repast are vivid memories; but especially the being awakened at dawn by the gabbling geese. I had come from a quiet home in New Hampshire where such experiences were not common. Then the Sabbath came on, and the ride to church in the family carriage. The audience in this house were greatly pleased with the sermon that Sunday morning, and well they might be, for it was preached by the Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer. I considered that easy candidating. Dr. Palmer did the preaching and I got the call. There has always been a tender spot in my heart for Dr. Palmer. Indeed he was very kind to me, because, as I suppose, of his love for this church. Here he came every summer to visit his sister, and the people always expected a sermon, and were not disappointed. Here he came at our 175th anniversary, and gave us that charming



Rev. William D. Hart

resumé of sixty-five years. The Rev. Dr. George Ware Briggs, another native of Little Compton, was also with us at that time, with helpful words right from his great warm heart.

The mention of that event calls up the fact that of those who participated in the exercises, or composed the committee on publication, "I, even I only, am left." Some of you remember there were also present former pastors: Goldsmith, Beach, and Walker; also Rev. W. H. Sturtevant, of Tiverton; Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Taylor, of Providence, and Deacon James H. Bailey, of Danielsonville, Conn. We had letters too from Prof. Charles U. Shepard and his sister, Mrs. Boltwood, and from Rev. J. P. Lane, of Bristol. All of these have joined the great majority. Indeed, of the 133 members of the church in 1875, only about thirty can answer the earthly roll-call now. Precious memories throng our minds as we think on these names. It would be a pathetic pleasure to dwell on them, did time permit. They were all very kind to me and my family, and we all look back to the days spent here as among our happiest. This was my first pastorate, and you are the people of my first love.

My relation with the officers of the church was always very pleasant. The deacons formed an efficient triumvirate. They differed widely in their individual characteristics, but worked together harmoniously and together made an ideal composite deacon. Deacon Richmond, under a somewhat puritanical exterior, carried a warm heart. This was shown in his loving devotion to the partner of his life. And what a sweet, beautiful woman she was! Deacon Richmond attended faithfully to the business end of the church, while he did not neglect its spiritual interests. He was fervent in prayer, and the church was the object of his love. Deacon Simmons was a man whom everybody loved. This I always thought was because he lived so near the Master. He used to say that after a hard day's work nothing rested him like the prayer-meeting. If Deacon Church were not here, I would like to tell how I loved him, and how much

he was always doing for the church and for his pastor. I am so thankful that he still lives to encourage and uphold the church by his presence and his prayers.

In the last years of my pastorate, two more good men were chosen to the diaconate, and in Deacons Howard and Bailey are found the qualifications necessary to that office as stated by the Apostle Paul. The treasurer of the society was an important official as concerned myself, for through him I received my daily bread. Preston B. Richmond performed this work faithfully until his lamented death, after which his brother William assumed the duties of that office. The clerk of the church, during all my pastorate and for a much longer period, was Albert H. Simmons, one of the most spiritually minded men of my acquaintance. He was a great help to me. He was one of whom I think we may reverently say, "He was made perfect through suffering."

I would like, if I could, thus to go through the whole congregation and speak of individuals, but it would make my story too long.

Among the old ladies, whom it was my duty and pleasure to visit were Mrs. Angeline Grinnell, Mrs. Valentine Simmons, Mrs. Abigail Bailey, Mrs. Mercy Borden and Mrs. Prudence Wilbor. All these were widows, and they delighted in prayer, the last one named being, perhaps, the most vigorous of them all. It is related that once a new minister was in the pulpit, who was more gifted in sound than in sense, and after a long, wordy discourse, he closed with a flourish of trumpets ending in "Amen and Amen," whereupon "Aunt Prudy," sitting right down there near the front, involuntarily exclaimed, "And I say Amen, too."

Among the most influential persons in the church in my day was Mrs. Arethusa Briggs, whose devotion to Christ and self-denying service in His name have been a power for good to this day, and earned for her in a special degree the praise, "She hath done what she could."

There were two other women who, though very different in their experiences, are associated in my mind as workers together in every good cause. These were Mrs. Abel Tompkins, and Miss Maria Brownell. It is a beautiful picture

that comes before me, as I see these two ladies, with a large basket of presents and a list of children's names, at our Christmas tree, to make sure that no child should be overlooked in the distribution of gifts.

The Ladies' Sociable was as important a factor in the well-being of the church a generation ago as it is now. The mention of that name brings to mind a most efficient circle of women, many of whom are still active in the good work. Inseparably connected with it are also the names of Miss Maria Brownell, Mrs. Arethusa Briggs, Mrs. Oliver Brownell, Mrs. Deacon Simmons and Mrs. Hannah Grinnell. Theirs is a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away.

In my mind are cherished memories of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which was an invaluable aid to the work of the church. In connection with its organization, we remember with gratitude the services of one who assisted us in getting the society under way, and who by his enthusiasm gave an impetus to the work which insured its success. It seemed a great loss to the cause of Christ and the church when, in his early manhood, there went out the life of Joseph R. Alden.

I am glad you celebrate this day. I congratulate you on your present action, living spiritual condition, and assure you that you are held in daily loving remembrance by me at the throne of grace.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Thomas F. Norris.

After the eloquent words that have been spoken there is little that I can say. It is, however, with a feeling of pride that I find my name associated with the long list of illustrious men who have occupied this pulpit.

The chain which binds this church with the past is composed of two hundred links. Each link represents a year's history. I had an exceedingly modest part in welding two of those links.

I have always thought that my identification with this church was very much more beneficial to myself than to the people. The circumstances which led me here and the experiences which I passed through while here are among the most pleasant of my life. I had been serving a church in one of the busy, bustling cities of the west. The rumbling of the immense trains of three transcontinental railways could be heard from the parsonage night and day. There was no cessation of activity. On all sides were evidences of the strenuous life.

The contrast between such a field of labor and this is as great as can be imagined. I was charmed with the little town. Everything I saw had an attraction: its ocean view, its quiet farms, the stately church, the attentive congregation, the unstinted generosity of the people. At no place that I had been did I receive so warm a welcome, and in all there pervaded a spirit of peace and restfulness. My stay with this people was a period of rest and recuperation that I much needed.

Another thing which stood out in marked contrast with my western work was the home life which I observed. There, everybody seemed to be striving for a home, They were brave men and women who, lured on by the hope of bettering themselves, had left their old life in the east and were pressing toward the fertile plains of the west. It was a gallant struggle in which some succeeded and for which

some were still struggling. Most of the homes were in the process of making. Here, there was an entire absence of such conditions. These homes were established, and as I entered them I was impressed with their completeness and order. The people were happy and contented. I had never seen such before, and my conclusion was that here was an ideal New England town, with ideal homes and ideal people, and that to live with such was a privilege and joy.

There was one thing, however, that occasioned perplexity. I noticed that the young people when they reached a certain age, as a general thing, left the town to settle in some other part of the state or country. In the building up of a church, the pastor invariably looks to the young. Without them the constituency of a church is very much narrowed. And I asked the question, If our young people leave us in this manner, how am I to build up this church? As I studied the problem, certain facts were disclosed that proved that even in this exodus of the young men and young women of the church there were certain compensations.

A tourist in Maine on meeting a native of one of the sparsely settled sections asked him this question: "What do you do here?" "We make men," he replied. And this was true; for all over the land may be found men of force and genius who were born and brought up in the state of Maine. And the same is true of Little Compton and this church. It makes men, and sends them out through New England and other states. And among those who have gone may be found many who have reached success in law and literature and business. Wherever they have gone they have made their mark; and I contented myself with the thought that this church was doing a great and noble work if it could prepare the boys and the girls for the life that was before them, so that, when they went out from their homes, they would take the strength and beauty of their early training and impress them on the community in which they were to live.

I esteem it a privilege and pleasure to be with you to-day. I congratulate you on the happy auspices of this occasion. May the blessing of God attend your future efforts.

ADDRESS

By Rev. James H. Lyon.

I have been asked to bring the congratulations of the Congregational churches of Rhode Island to this people. The lot fell on me, not because I could do it any better than my brethren, but because I am a kind of cosmopolitan bishop of our apostolic Congregational order in the state—heading the list of active pastors with longest service in one church, a little over thirty-seven years.

Besides this, I think I hold precedence over all other ministers now living, owing to the generally unknown fact that my mother—Lucy Little Davis, daughter of Major John Davis—was born and lived, I know not how long, in Little Compton. About the first place I heard of when I was a small boy was Little Compton. It was the whole of Rhode Island to me then. It has always been a sacred place to me because my mother was born here.

So, in a way, I am one of you to-day—one of your children come back on this happy occasion to bring you my own and others' sincere congratulations.

They say you are 200 years old! You do not show it in your looks. You appear as young and vigorous as a church that has only reached "sweet sixteen," or its majority. I congratulate you on being so old and at the same time so young. You must have grown old very gracefully—of course you have. Without the grace of God that is in you, that entered at the beginning, and has flowed on, sweet and strong, through all the years, you would have withered and died long ago. You have kept fat and flourishing for two centuries, proving the presence and power of the God of all grace, who called you unto his eternal glory in Christ.

I congratulate you, in the name of all the churches, that

you are not dying or going to die. You have disproved the saying that "the good die young." I expect to meet and greet you in the New Jerusalem; and that is yet a long way off—farther than another 200 years probably. Our sympathetic joy mingles with your gladness to-day, at the thought that after these festivities are over, even after all of us who are here to-day have vanished into the unseen, this church will remain. Other hands and hearts will continue its life and work, as you are doing in your turn.

A church, like a man, needs to have a good supply of common sense. It needs to be resourceful and able to manage its affairs with discretion. It should know how to make the best of any given situation. I think the last time I was here you showed this common sense ability. You had called a council to dismiss your minister—to let him go in good Congregational order and with proper endorsement. It proved to be a very stormy day. Only a minority of the churches invited came. There were only two ministers present—possibly three. But the two I remember, one a black man and the other white, divided the offices between them, and went on with the work just as though there were a full quorum. You said that was all right. So said we all of us. The retiring minister went away with a good recommendation. I think he is here to-day to prove that everything went on well. It is related of Dr. Alexander, who, a long time ago, taught theology at Princeton, that he said to his students one day, "Young gentlemen, if you are deficient in learning you can get more; if you lack piety, you can all grow in grace; but if you have no common sense, the Lord have mercy upon you!"

There is no cloud or gloom of that kind overhanging you. Indeed, a Congregational church, organized, as all such churches are, on the principle of Christian and apostolic common sense, may reasonably expect to have centuries of prosperity and progress as you have enjoyed.

We congratulate you also on the worthy list of ministers you have had, including the modest and very excellent man who is now your pastor. They have been bargains, though you did not select them from the bargain-counter. A neigh-

bor of ours used to say to one of our boys who was quite a worker: "Don't work too hard, Charley; good boys are scarce." We are sometimes told that good ministers are scarce. I do not think so. You have always had enough, and good ones, too. The church that has a spiritual and faithful ministry is to be congratulated.

And good deacons, too—they are a treasure—like a good wife. It is reported that the Little Compton church has been fortunate in its deacons—and in the wives of its members, too. Happy is the people that are in such a case. They can never be in the sad condition of that church of which a certain man was a member. Some one asked him whether there were any Christians in his church. He replied that he knew of only two—himself and his wife; but he was not quite sure about his wife. I suspect he was like that complaining person who, when asked, "How are you to-day?" replied, "I feel very well; but I always feel badly when I feel well because I know I am going to feel worse."

You have kept the faith, too; and, of course, the faith has kept you. The faith that is sourced and centered in Christ, sunned and strengthened by his surpassing love, purified and sweetened by his Spirit, made obedient and serviceable for his sake—this faith you have kept these 200 years. We congratulate you on this account. By it you have lived and helped many to reign in life. It is a fine record for all everywhere who have made it—the example left by our Master and followed by Paul, and which he could look back upon so joyfully at the finish of his course. It is an achievement worthy of the God who inspires it, and of the people who are steadfastly responsive to the vision of life he causes to shine before us, and sensitive to the impulse from Him that makes it sure.

We congratulate you on your love for the church. That is Christ-like. And your love for its surroundings—these lovely fields, this large room in which God has set your feet and where you have "abundant space to live his life and grow his growth;" with the ocean, too, staying itself upon your shore, and sending in upon you the benediction which

we inland court and come to you to share; and homes where love lightens labor, and peace abounds, and human nerves have rest from city noise and strain. I will warrant that you feel the honest satisfaction felt by an Irishman in his native Emerald Isle. Three men were in each other's company one day—an Englishman, and a Scotchman, and an Irishman. Said the Englishman to the Scotchman, "If you were not a Scotchman, what would you be?" He replied, "If I were not a Scotchman, I would be an Englishman." Then the Scotchman returned the question to the Englishman, "If you were not an Englishman, what would *you* be?" "If I were not an Englishman," he answered, "I would be a Scotchman." Then they both turned to the Irishman. "If you were not an Irishman, what would *you* be?" To which, with true fervor, he responded, "If I were not an Irishman, I would be *ashamed!*"

Quite likely your sentiments respecting Little Compton are illustrated by the Irish end of that story. If so, I come not here to chide you. I brought no complaints; neither have I discovered ground for any since I came. Congratulations—sincere, earnest, hearty—from all the churches. We reverently salute you enthroned on your two centuries of church life. We look up to you with the respect due to your years. A few of our churches were already beyond their A B C's, or well on in life, when you were born. Barrington was forty years old. Bristol, seventeen. The Newman Church in East Providence was sixty-one years your senior. Kingston was ahead of you by nine years. But these ancient members of our Congregational household are no less warmhearted than the rest. A few summers, more or less, make no difference—when we get up to the second or third century. Our youngest, not one year old yet, wants to be remembered to you just like the others. Its name is Hope—Hope Church, of East Providence. That is Providence to the east, toward the rising sun. We are all on that side of the meridian—all churches of *Divine* Providence, and facing the ever ascending Light of the world.

We all share in the rich inheritance of hope, for which, with you, we render thanks to Him whose

> "Glory is His children's good,
> Whose joy His tender Fatherhood."

And though

> "We know not what the future hath
> Of marvel or surprise,
> Assured alone that life and death
> His mercy underlies,"

we can hope to the end for the grace that shall be brought to us in the increasing revelation and glory of Jesus Christ. His we all are, and Him we serve—our common Lord, in whose name we congratulate you to-day, and bid you God-speed. Go on in faith that never yields to fear, in hope that lightens toil with cheerful song, in love that never fails though tongues shall cease and knowledge be done away. Go on where the Master leads, his banner over you, his cause your constant aim. Receive his "good cheer," and ours in his name, for all the coming years. Remember his inspiring word, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Thank God and take courage, as well you may, with all who love our Lord—loyally partaking with every company of God's sacramental host even in the "tribulation," if need be, but surely in the "kingdom and patience which are in Jesus." For your "calling" to all this—to the things that are highest, richest, most enduring—for your spiritual apprehension of God and his glory on earth; for your earnest aspiration to keep your light here well trimmed and bright; for your increasing and unceasing fruitfulness, made sure by faithful co-operation with God, accept the fervent congratulations of all the brethren in the Lord.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D. D.

The presence of a Christian church in any community shows that there is in that community a group of people who believe that the highest function of the human soul is worship, and that they are resolved to maintain a center in which this highest function shall be exercised—accentuated and raised in power by this association of a common purpose with its exercise. So far from the church being "A survival of the Ages of Faith," it is in the best sense a barrier set against an age of despair; it is not simply a monument of the past, but in the proportion in which it serves its divine purpose, it is a challenge to the future. For a free church in which the mind claims the liberty of prophesying is apt to be in the advance movement of the mental processes of any sane community. The church was never more necessary than to-day. In the midst of this hurry of modern life it is a center of quiet in the cyclone's heart; men fail of intellectual power and religious peace by over-activity, and the neglect of times of meditation—"Come in, and rest, and pray!" is the church's invitation to a world smitten with the superstition of being always busy at the expense of mental and spiritual power. Our feverish activities are calmed and divine energy enters our spent lives.

Moreover, no man properly estimates his support of the church who thinks his contribution is a gift which his generosity has bestowed; it is, instead, a fee that he has paid for his own religious education and the education of his family. If this is not what he consciously receives for what he pays, it may be that he has not paid enough to get what costs him more in his school-bills and his manifold

ways of entertainment and instruction. Many a man has grown weary of the church which he has insisted should be kept to a cheap level of reluctant support. You cannot do a wholesale business in a retail plant. The man who is niggardly with the church is being really mean to himself, for it exists for him and his household. These are the men who will fatigue serious people by talk about conducting the church on business principles and say, "I pay, whether I go or not!" Is this business? The first principle in business *is to be at the place of business,* and until the store or office can be turned over to the janitor and the clerks, it can never come to be "good business" to turn over the church to the sexton and the minister. And so far as the minister is concerned, his contract "to be on hand" is no more binding than that of the pew-holder or church supporters. Contracts imply mutual obligation. You cannot make a fire with one log!

It is my deliberate judgment after years of careful observation in the ministry that the man who systematically neglects, without good cause preventing, the services of religion is apt to lose a part of that development of his whole nature for which these services supply a means supplied by nothing else. The church and its services have remained through centuries because they corresponded to the needs of human nature. These needs remain. The ripest natures are those who use the means which humanity has found efficient to enrich, mellow and strengthen. If they should ever grow so strong as "not to *need the church,*" then the *church will need them,* for the sake of those who still need the church. If we are strong we have to prove it, not by idleness, but by service; if we are wise, there are many still to be taught; if we are good, the proof will be, as long ago given by him who went about doing good, and who yet went into the humble "Synagogue at Nazareth on the Sabbath day *as his custom was.*" His religion has been well defined "As living the Eternal Life in the midst of time by the strength and under the eye of God."

ADDRESS

By Mr. Horace G. Shaw.

On this interesting occasion it affords me very great pleasure to be present and to offer a few words as representing two of the old families of Little Compton. The two, however, have become many; and so I may be pardoned if I make personal allusions.

Here for generations was the home of my ancestry. Here I passed my childhood and school days. To this town I have turned for the short vacation periods that I have been permitted to enjoy since I left to engage in the mercantile business nearly fifty years ago.

The population of this town in the first quarter of the 19th century was larger than at the present, they tell me; and in the same breath I am informed that there are but few changes. And I concluded the latter statement true as I visited my old haunt along the shore that is unchanged at the eastern end of the town. But on returning to the old homestead, to reply to a telephone call, I said, My grandfather lived seventy-five years on this farm. So did four great grandfathers. And they had no telephone; and I said, The town *has* changed—certainly in its customs.

To turn to this old and time-honored church, permit me to draw a picture of the past: Parson Beane enters the pulpit, then at the other end of the audience room. Ezra Coe, his head whitened with the snows of many winters, is in the front pew. George Cook Bailey occupies a seat near. Capt. Benjamin Seabury and Gen. Nathaniel Church enter their pews opposite. John Seabury is on the opposite side of the house; also the venerable pedagogue who on week-days tried to instill into our minds the mysteries of Brown's grammar. Deacons Wilbor and Richmond now enter. It was here that my mother during a period of grace in 1850

confessed faith in Christ and chose that better part. Others could be mentioned, who long ago joined the great majority, and still others of a younger generation with many of whom the steps begin to falter and the shadows are lengthening.

I have heard from those who preceded me of the men who have gone out from this town; and I am glad that I also can claim Little Compton as the place of my birth. And if I can look back two hundred years and see my grandfather, by the seventh generation, as the first recorded member of this church, it mattereth less, as perhaps forty now before me are in about the same way related. And were my cousins just now to withdraw from this room, a small audience would be left.

I thank your committee and the members of this congregation for remembering me in far off New Jersey, and for giving me a place among such honorable and reverend gentlemen, as well as for the opportunity to be among my relatives and friends on this important occasion.

This church has had a grand history. May the coming years be the brightest and best; and in the great work of the church I bid you God-speed.

ABSTRACT OF SERMON

By Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D. D.

"*Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.*" *Ecclesiastes VII. 10.*

It would appear that the unwisdom of this inquiry lies in its groundless assumption that the former days *were* better than these, when a spirit of faith in God's plan and promise should preclude all such assumptions.

If we would be "men who have understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do," we must cherish a grateful recognition of the onworking of God's plan and the fulfilment of his promise in the past. "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths."

Historical commemorations greatly aid us in cultivating a spirit of grateful confidence in the development of God's plan according to his promise. For these commemorations help us to a due appreciation of the value of the modest virtues of ordinary life. While we acknowledge our indebtedness to great leaders and the deeds wrought in some great crisis and in some conspicuous field, yet it is the virtues of the common people of the rank and file in the Christian Church, the character of our American homes, as generally found in our communities at large, on which the nature of our civilization and the prosperity of the nation depend.

There are certain manifest features of modern life which very clearly indicate the merciful character of the divine purpose in ordering the progress of the race.

1. There is the general concession in behalf of almost all systems of philosophy or schemes of reform that, in order to command popular approval, they must conform to the

true spirit and teaching of Christ. Contrast this with the attitude of the ancient Pagan culture as manifest in the treatment of Paul on Mars' hill. "Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics, encountered him. And some said, What will this babbler say?"

2. There is the growing and intense conviction of the great mass of practical Christian men that in God's revealed will in the Gospel of redemption by His Son we have the only and absolutely indispensable cure for the appalling evils of our time, the only remedy for the inveterate sinfulness of the human heart. The widespread corruption in financial and political life, the shameful moral indifference and immoralities of many of the luxurious classes, the degradation and violence of the less favored classes, the cruelties and oppressions of organized labor and capital, class animosities and industrial warfare, together with the utter loss of faith in the Bible on the part of many, by reason of the destructive higher criticism, temporarily rife, and the consequent neglect of religious worship furnish alarming evidence of the futility of all endeavors for human progress which are not dependent on the supernatural presence and power of the Holy Spirit taking the things of Christ and showing them unto men. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." The continual outpouring of gifts of toil and of money, the heroic sacrifices and consecrated lives of innumerable Christian disciples attest the truth of Christ's words, "Ye are the light of the world" and "ye are the salt of the earth." If there was ever a futile endeavor, it is the effort to make earnest spiritual men believe that the Book which has wrought such wonderful changes and built up such noble characters is a mere human composition, an untrustworthy mixture of fiction and fraud. With a more intense conviction than ever, men are holding to the need and the fact of an inspired revelation, "a piece of information given by God to man for the salvation of the race."

3. There is a comprehension growing more and more clear that the world owes to the distinctively evangelical

truths and facts of the Gospel the mightiest motives for transforming human character, elevating the condition of society and fitting man for the heavenly world. The fact that he who made man himself became man and tasted death for every man more exalts the idea of the worth of the individual man and the sacredness of his rights than any other fact in the history of the universe. And the parallel revealed truth that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin and that Christ gave Himself a ransom for us more exalts the inviolability of law and the majesty of government than any other truth revealed to man. In the exaltation of these two evangelical facts and principles lies the secret of the wonderful advance in the protection of human rights and the establishment of free and popular government.

4. When we consider the peculiar type of American civilization and its conspicuous and potent exhibition of the democracy of Christianity before the nations of the world, we are led to look with amazement upon the providential development and vast increase of the resources of our nation as a world-power.

5. The increased dignity of man's position in nature, his deeper insight into its mysteries, and his greater control of its powers vastly enlarge the scope of his spiritual influence and give cheering promise of his coming triumphs in the realm of religious thought and character. There is a beneficent trend in the amazing progress of invention and discovery. These inventions and discoveries are the scaffolding around the spiritual temple which God is building and are valuable chiefly for their ministry in that higher realm where spiritual character and the welfare of the soul are the great objects of the divine care.

6. There is a more general recognition of the fact that economic law and moral law are from the same hand. This is God's world, and not Satan's. True success can only come by conformity to God's will. Rapacity is never sagacity. There is a growing predominance of Christian principles and Christian men in the management of affairs. There is no use in fighting against nature. "He that sin-

neth against me wrongeth his own soul." "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is and for that which is to come." There is an arousing of the public conscience in behalf of righteousness in all social relations and industrial affairs. There is a demand for publicity in the complicated problems of modern life. Let in the light. Find out what is fair and then demand what is fair. High authorities in finance say that men do not want to do and do not dare to do the acts of injustice that were common not long ago.

In view of these and other manifest tokens of God's presence with his people, we may confidently anticipate the promised hour when the voices in heaven shall be heard saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

THE TOWN OF LITTLE COMPTON.

By Roswell B. Burchard.

As we stand and look from the elevation which is crowned by this venerable place of worship and view the surrounding country, we should be insensible to the best blessings of bounteous Nature if we were not joyous that our lines had fallen in a place so pleasant. The eminence of Windmill Hill to the north, the encircling woodland to the east, old Ocean's band of blue to the south and the broad Sakonnet to the west are the confines of a truly delectable country. One is prone under this influence to enter this sanctuary, open his hymn-book and sing with all his heart and all his lungs, as the Fathers did when this old church was new:

> "My willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this."

Standing, too, upon the altitude of the Twentieth Century, and turning where "the centuries behind us like a fruitful land repose," we should be ungrateful for the best blessings of Divine Providence if we failed to-day to do homage to those generations of men, who, through toil and prayer and blood, drove the furrow of civilization that we might enjoy its fruitage.

The motive of the hour is retrospection. The older people, contemplating the farms, the homesteads, and the friendships of their youth, observe regretfully the remorseless work of time, the relentlessness of change. During my short residence here how many friendships have been made and lost, how many places have been made irremediably vacant! Charles Edwin Wilbour, Benjamin F. Wil-

Note. At the request of the Committee all that was prepared for this address is herein published, though portions were omitted in the delivery—Ed.

bour, George A. Gray, Isaac C. Wilbour, Warren Kempton, Follen Bebee, Frederick R. Brownell, George S. Burleigh,—what amiable associations are summoned at the mention of these names!

There are here but three things which are immutable: the sea and its bulwark of rocks, the sky with its everlasting glory of stars, and the tabernacle of the changeless God which is set up in the hearts of a Christian people. The primeval forests are gone. Of the aboriginal race not a vestige remains save an occasional relic picked up like a strange sea-shell on Time's shore. Canonicus, Metacomet, Wamsutta, Awashonks, Weetamoe,—I am afraid we know better as the names of mills and merchandise, yachts and steamboats than as personages who have influenced our own lives.

Generation after generation of people as worthy, as generous, as clever as ourselves,—our immediate ancestors, have passed away and have left scarcely any tangible souvenirs of their belongings or any written memorials of their lives. The probate records contain long inventories of household treasures,—silver, pictures, swords, watches, buckles, canes, family bibles,—Where are they? That is the question vainly asked by our industrious Committee on the Historical Exhibit. How sacredly we treasure their every written word, no matter how commonplace or homely. The lesson is: Go home and make up your family record and write your biographies for the delectation of your posterity. Or, if reticence restrains, then write something about your fathers and grandfathers. Among my most valued possessions is a long letter written to the Rev. Ezra Stiles of Newport[1] by the grandson of Col. Benjamin Church, in which he gives a personal description of his grandfather and an account of his fatal fall from his horse.

In view of this universal modesty, or lack of foresight, shown in the scanty nature of family records, it is fortunate the early American colonists introduced the practice of re-

(1) Pastor 2d church, Newport, 1756-1777; President Yale College, 1778-1795; Editor of Benjamin Church's King Philip's War.

cording all conveyances of land,—a system not previously in vogue in the old country.

The fruitage of this antique seed one may find to-day in the dingy folios enshrined within the iron doors of the town hall safe. To the local antiquarian this is a treasury like that of Atreus. Here are copies of the deeds of Awashonks and her tribesmen to the first proprietors; the original records of these proprietors, and a complete registry of deeds quaintly entitled, "Land Evidence Books." There is a genealogical record of families covering certain periods, with registers of births, marriages and deaths, and finally the records of all the town meetings, from the earliest times to the present day.[1] There is also an ancient map of the town as it was laid out in the latter part of the seventeenth century. A map, which, to my mind, is equally valuable though not so ancient, is one owned by Mr. P. H. Wilbour, that was made by Otis Wilbor about 1842. In this map the names of the original landholders are substituted for the names of the later ones which are entered on the older map. These maps, taken together, show first, those to whom the original lots fell at the first drawing, and second, those who really settled on the land or owned it after considerable selling and exchanging had taken place.

I shall not attempt a connected historical sketch of this town. That has been carefully prepared by Mr. H. W. Blake in the history of Newport County, to which you all have access.[2] I shall simply recall certain scenes, incidents and persons, each typical, I think, of their several epochs.

ORIGIN.

You are aware that we were not a part of Roger Williams's colony,—not a part of Rhode Island at all, but of

(1) Records of town meetings and vital records before 1747 are still in possession of the town, but the "land-evidence" and probate records before that date, in accordance with the Massachusetts system, are at the ancient county-seat, Taunton.

For a list of town records preserved in Little Compton town-hall made by C. S. Brigham in 1903, see Annual Report of American Historical Association 1903, vol. 1, page 600.

(2) History of Newport County. Richard M. Bayles, New York, L. E. Preston & Co., 1888. The chapter on Little Compton, written by H. W. Blake.

Massachusetts; and all our early government was from Plymouth, all our early associations Puritan. It was not till 1746 that Tiverton and Little Compton were set off as part of Rhode Island, and the boundary line was a fruitful source of dissension until it was finally established by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1862.

Although the actual beginning of Little Compton was in the lonely settlement of Colonel Church in 1674, it would seem that the legal and political formation of our town sprung from a sort of western land speculation,—a real estate deal on the part of the good Puritans of Plymouth that invites interesting investigation.

As far as Plymouth is concerned the lands lying between Cape Cod Bay and Narragansett Bay were a sort of great unexplored West. After a half century of settlement Plymouth had passed the infant period and its men of affairs began "to look around" for profitable investments.

"It would appear," says Mr. Blake,[1] "by implication, at least, from the Plymouth record that there were two classes embraced in the population, and that to the one lands were granted by the other in recognition of services rendered." Whether these "services" were rendered in war, or pestilence, or road building, or domestic labor, I am unable to ascertain.

The earliest record known to relate especially to Little Compton, that is Saconet, bears date of June 4th, 1661, and shows "Libertie is granted unto some who were formerly servants whoe have land due unto them by covenant, to Nominate some persons to the Court, or to some of the Magistrates, to bee deputed in their behalf to purchase parcell of land for their accommodation att Saconett."[2]

When this "authority" came to be exercised a good many "got aboard" who were by no means *servants*. In fact a sort of supplementary enabling act was passed in 1662 under which "Captain Willett is appointed by the court to purchase the lands of the Indians which is granted unto such that were servants, and others that were *ancient free-*

(1) Bayles' History, p. 975.
(2) Ibid.; also Dexter's Church's King Philip's War, 1865, Vol. I, p. 2, note.

men, which the court thinks meet to add to them that have an interest in the said grant * * * " etc.

The lands of Tiverton and Fall River were taken up about the same time by two similar companies: The Purchasers of Pocasset and the Proprietors of Puncatest.

The town of Little Compton was laid out in plots on paper before any white man had settled in it, and it is interesting to note that its external boundaries are retained more closely to-day than any other town in Rhode Island with, as someone has remarked, the single exception of New Shoreham.[1] With possibly two or three exceptions the original grantees never saw the land until after the allotments were made.

On the 22d day of July, 1673, twenty-nine men appeared at Plymouth and claimed their respective shares. The deserving "servants" I fear were in the minority for the twenty-nine comprised mostly prominent men: His Excellency Governor Josiah Winslow, Constant Southworth, Daniel Wilcox, William Merrick, and Simon Rouse,—these with thirteen others, proved title in their own right; John Washborne claimed a share as a freeman, and fourteen others, including Benjamin Church, Joseph Church, John Richmond, William Pabodie, claimed in the right of others, which right they had doubtless secured by purchase from the servants aforesaid.

These twenty-nine were the original proprietors of Saconet, whose records our worthy Town Clerk, Mr. John B. Taylor, so sedulously guards in his big safe, and upon whose title, thus conferred, all our landed interests in Little Compton are dependent at law. They were mostly residents of Duxbury (the home of Standish and Alden), and Marshfield (where Governor Winslow and Peregrine White lived), and the adjacent country.

Although title at English law was complete by the grant of the Plymouth Colony there were still the moral rights of the Indians to be considered.

At the first meeting of the proprietors it was agreed that

(1) Block Island.

a committee of three be appointed to go and purchase these lands of the Indians. The first tract, comprising most of the township west of the Common, was secured for the sum of seventy-five pounds sterling, in the fall of 1673.

Mr. Blake recalls[1] that only forty years before this occurrence Roger Williams was compelled "for the sake of public peace" to burn a paper in which he advanced the doctrine that no English grant, though from the King himself, would be valid unless the natives had been fully recompensed.

THE TOWN'S CHANGE OF NAME.

The name Little Compton soon supplanted the native name, following the prevailing custom of naming settlements after English towns, though generally no appropriateness is evinced in the naming.

The records of the Court of Plymouth show that, upon the petition of Mr. Joseph Church and the other Proprietors, the name Little Compton was given and the place legally constituted a township on June 6, 1682;[2] though previous to that, in the original book of records of the Proprietors of Saconet, there is an entry relating to "Saconet or Little Compton" dated February — 1682.[3] For a long time after that the names were employed interchangeably, sometimes the double expression "Little Compton *alias* Saconet" being used for definiteness.[4]

The Rev. William Emerson, father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and brother-in-law to Rev. Mase Shepard, suggested omitting "Little" from the name in the first published article about Little Compton, as though it were belittling the

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(1) Bayles' History of Newport County, page 978.

(2) Bayles' History of Rhode Island, page 994, transcribes date July 7. The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, J. O. Austin, p. 43, gives the date June 6, 1682, correctly.

(3) "February, 1682. As many of the Proprietors as could conveniently be treated, were willing to accommodate John Price with Ten Acres of Land at Saconet or Little Compton in order to his Dwelling there," etc. (The editor hopes that the ancient word "treated" will not suffer any modern misconstruction.) Original records of the Proprietors, part 2 (i. e., the back part of the book, the volume being reversed) page 6; Otis Wilbor's copy of the records Vol. 1, page 190.

(4) Records of Proprietors, May 18, 1686, Otis Wilbor's copy, p. 74; May 17, 1693 Ibid p. 80.

town's dignity.[1] This heresy has been repeated in later years. I hope the suggestion may never be adopted.

LITTLE COMPTON IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Little Compton in England is a very ancient though unimportant village in the Edge Hills on the southern boundary of Warwickshire. Nearby is a "four-shire stone" located where the counties of Oxford, Gloucester, Warwick and Worcester meet.

Little Compton boasts the stately manor-house of Archbishop Juxon, who was a boon companion to Charles I, and his attendant on the scaffold at Whitehall. The town contains, besides ancient Roman remains, some interesting relics of the time; and curious stories are recorded of how the Archbishop's sporting proclivities roused the ire of the Cromwellian soldiers.

The village is mentioned in Domesday Book, 1086 A. D. At the time of our settlement it contained only 180 inhabitants and thirty-five houses; and at the time of our Revolution, it having increased to only 282 inhabitants, was thus early outdistanced by its American namesake, which then boasted of 1,232.

The history and description of Little Compton in England may be found in the Memoirs of Archbishop Juxon, one of its later ministers.[2]

THE INDIANS.

You are all aware that Little Compton was occupied by the small tribe of Saconet Indians, while the Pocassets lived in what is now Tiverton and Fall River. The Indian names of these localities were Little Compton, *Saconet;* Tiverton Four Corners (or rather the neck of land to the southwest), *Punkatest,* and Tiverton, *Pocasset.*[3] The latter names have come down to us in Pocasset Neck and Puncatest Neck. Into the etymology of the word Saconet it seems useless to

(1) Massachusetts Historical Society Collections. 1st Series, vol. 9, p. 199.

(2) Memoirs of Archbishop Juxon, London, James Parker & Co., 1869. Copy in Boston Public Library.

(3) Pocasset included all the land from Fall River to Pachet Brook.

inquire, as every authority who has tried it has either honestly given it up, or endeavored to frame some fanciful connection with the sound of certain Indian words. Thus we have "wild goose," "haunt of the black goose," "conquered territory," "widening of the stream," etc.; "black goose" seems to have been the accepted meaning for a long time, but the learned annotator, Dr. Henry M. Dexter, in his edition of *Church's Indian War*, repudiates that derivation.[1] For myself I am inclined to think the whole question is a "wild goose" chase at best.

Nor is there any one correct spelling. Colonel Church, spelling it as he heard it from the Indians, Sogkonate; later writers spelled it Soughkonate, Sakonate, Seconet, etc. In the ancient town records it is written Seconet or Saconet.[2] Recently the local usage has drifted into the form Seaconnet, which seems to be objectionable because it has led to the mistaken idea that the place derives its name from its proximity to the sea.

The U. S. government, on its maps and charts, has adopted, probably for no very learned reason, the spelling Sakonnet, and as this seems to be as near to what was probably the Indian pronunciation as anything, the golf club, the hotel and most of the summer residents have made use of that spelling.

AWASHONKS.

The name most familiar to us among all the Saconet Indians is that of Awashonks. She was the squaw-sachem of the tribe at the time of the English settlement. She lived to a good old age in this place and died here; and her remains were probably buried in the ancient Indian burying-ground on William T. Peckham's land, north of what we call the Swamp road. The rock inscribed with her name by the late Mr. I. C. Wilbour was intended by him to commemorate her memory though not to mark her grave.

Her real name was probably *Awa*, a common Indian giv-

(1) Church's King Philip's War, edited by H. M. Dexter, Boston, 1865, Vol. I, page 2, note.

(2) Drake says "Commonly called *Seconet*." Hist. and Biog. p. 249; Dexter adopted *Saconet*.

en-name, *Shunks* or *Shonks* being a title which meant squaw sachem.[1]

Poor, good woman, she deserves more than passing mention in our history for she was of kindly nature and she learned too well the truth of the proverb: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." She was the faithful ally of the settlers through all the Indian wars, and wisely submitted to the friendly guidance of Colonel Church, although opposing all the affiliations of race and kindred.[2]

The Awashonks people, like all the Indians from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Savannah River, were Algonquins. This great race was divided into many nations and tribes. The Narragansetts occupied the lower half of the mainland of Rhode Island west of Narragansett Bay; the Pequots and Mohegans dwelt west of them in Connecticut and New York; the Massachusetts in Eastern Massachusetts, and the Wampanoags in the vicinity of Plymouth and westerly to Narragansett Bay. The home of the Wampanoag chief was at *Pokanoket*, or Mt. Hope, which latter name, by the way, Mr. Dexter says is Indian *Montaup* and Mr. Drake insists is English *Mount Hope*.[3] Our Saconets, their Tiverton neighbors, the Pocassets, and the Nipmucks who dwelt further north, were small Wampanoag tribes.

ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN TRIBES.

Mr. Field[4] says that it is useless to attempt any mention of the various guesses at the origin of the Indian tribes. Little more is known than when Roger Williams wrote: "From Adam and Noah that they spring is granted on all hands."

Roger Williams, like others who have had to do with Indians, was benevolently inclined *at first;* and while he never

(1) Biography and History of the Indians of North America. Samuel G. Drake, page 248, note.

(2) For a biography of Awashonks see Biography and History of the Indians of North America, Samuel G. Drake, page 249; also Dexter's Benjamin Church's King Philip's War, Vol. 1, p. 6, note.

(3) Biography and History of the Indians, Drake, p. 82, note; Church's King Philip's War, H. M. Dexter, Vol. 1, p. 7.

(4) State of Rhode Island at the End of the Century, Vol. 1, p. 10.

went as far as General Sheridan, who is said to have declared, "There was no good Indian but a dead Indian," in the latter part of his life wrote: "All Indians are extremely treacherous."[1]

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Longfellow helped to rescue the picturesque mythology of the Indians from oblivion. A page from the legendary that inspired his song was written upon our shore. In the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections of 1792, you will find a curious tradition which relates that the first Indian on the Vineyard, by some demonic power, caused his children to be turned into fish ("killers"). The mother mourned "so exceedingly that he threw her away. She fell upon Seconet near the rocks, where she lived some time, exacting contributions of all who passed by water. After a while she was turned into a stone. The entire shape remained for many years, but after the English came some of them broke off her arms, head, etc., but the most of the body remains to this day."

RELATIONS WITH THE INDIANS.

It is to the lasting credit of the early settlers of this place that though as Indian fighters they were second to none, their relations with the neighboring Indians were, first, last and all the time, friendly. I know of no other community where friendly relations existed until the Indian race had become extinct; where treaties had been made and honestly lived up to. One of the lasting regrets of Colonel Church's life was that the arrogant and ill-advised authorities at Plymouth abrogated his solemn promises to the Saconets, and, at one time at least, sold their men into slavery.

The whole Saconet tribe probably never numbered more than a thousand. Drake says that in 1700 there were a hundred Indian men among them. Blake says that when their church was organized there were only two hundred Indians in Little Compton. Their village, at that time a mere

(1) State of Rhode Island at the End of the Century, Vol. I, p. 15.

collection of huts, was located northwest of the Caleb Mosher place,[1] east of the town on the way to Westport. At about the year 1750 an epidemic carried off many of them, and in 1803 there were not above ten Indians in Little Compton.

The death of Sarah Howdee, the last of the tribe, occurred at Little Compton and was reported in the Providence Journal, May 7, 1827.

FORMATION OF THE TOWNSHIP.

Title having been obtained to the land, the proprietors met at Duxbury; they had a rude plan drawn of the land between the Pocasset, that is the Tiverton, line, just south of Pachet Brook and Taylor's Lane, the line of the Common and the river; this tract they divided like a gridiron, east and west, into thirty-two long strips or sections, about thirty-five rods wide and one to two miles long.

The proprietors met at Duxbury, April 10, 1674, and drew lots for these sections. Benjamin Church and Joseph Church, each being entitled to two sections, and one being reserved for the minister. There were thirty-two sections, though only twenty-nine proprietors.

Within a year Benjamin Church and probably John Almy and John Irish[2] settled and built houses. Benjamin Church apparently did not build at once upon either of the lots which fell to him, but upon one of his choice well up near the Tiverton line, apparently on the southern slope of Windmill Hill, the location having been purchased by him from William Pabodie.[3] He later lived on what is now Edward Howland's farm, and finally moved to the James Irving Bailey farm.

It is said that the oldest portion of the B. F. Wilbur house, near the Swamp road, was built by him for one of his sons.

A roadway, eight rods wide, was reserved, running due

(1) Bayles' History, p. 991. (2) Infra, p. 87.

(3) I gather this from Bayles' History, p. 981, and Otis Wilbor's map *supra*. Though Mr. Dexter (Church's King Philip's War, Vol. 1, page 11, note) locates Church's early home on Lot 19, which he drew, which is the site of the late Edward W. Howland's farm.

south, across the great lots. This road has been generally retained excepting as to the portions between Mrs. Drummond's above the Common road, and Taylor's lane. We may wonder if the ghosts of these early settlers have been engaged during these recent moonlight nights in critical observation of the operations of the stone crusher and the steam-roller upon this ancient highway.[1]

A second purchase was made by the same proprietors in the same year, 1673, for $116 2-3.[2] It contained all of the land at the south shore east of Bailey's swamp; other purchases followed of the intervening land, although allotments do not appear to have been made till 1675. After that, successive allotments speedily followed, till all the land in Little Compton was taken up.

Interest in the real estate business seems to have been brought to a standstill at the outset by King Philip's War in 1675.

At the breaking out of the war, by the advice of Church, the proprietors set off a tract three-quarters of a mile square south of Taylor's Lane, including the farms now occupied by David and Philip Wilbour and Mrs. George Gray, for the use of Awashonks.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

The immediate cause of King Philip's war was the execution of three Wampanoags charged with the murder of a converted Indian. The real issue, however, was the innate race enmity and jealousy at the aggression of the settlers.

Six messengers were sent by Philip from Mount Hope to Awashonks to solicit her alliance in the war, and to tell her that a great army was coming to invade the Indian territory. These ambassadors were received cordially by the Saconets and a great dance was given. The faithful queen sent immediately to Colonel Church, who, attended only by an Indian interpreter, repaired at once to the scene of festivities. Here, he says, they found hundreds of Indians

(1) First half mile Macadam road in Little Compton, 1903.

(2) These various purchases and allotments are located on Otis Wilbor's map *supra*.

gathered from all corners of the queen's domain. "Awashonks her self, in a foaming Sweat, was leading the Dance. But she was no sooner sensible of Mr. Churches arrival, but she broke off, sat down, calls her Nobles round her, orders Mr. Church to be invited into her presence."[1] She put the question to the Colonel, point blank, whether the story of the invasion was true, and the wily colonel, probably not knowing just what was afoot, asked "whether she thought he would have brought up his goods to settle in that place if he apprehended an entering into war with so near a neighbor." The six Mount Hope men (or Pokanokets[2]), in all their war paint, were confronted with the redoubtable colonel, and Awashonks proceeded to explain to him that their very agreeable message was that unless she would make an alliance with Philip he would secretly burn the houses and kill the cattle of the English, that she would get the credit of it, and the vengeance of the whites would fall upon her. The captain's blunt answer, intended undoubtedly for the ears of the royal ambassadors, was, if Philip was bent on war the best thing she could do would be to have these six Pokanokets knocked in the head and shelter herself under the protection of the English. This cool-blooded but very effectual bluff settled the whole business as far as Awashonks and her tribe were concerned, but it brought down upon the doughty colonel the righteous indignation of several thin-skinned historians.

Church, bidding Awashonks to stay within her reservation, hastened to Pocasset, where, on the hill above Stone Bridge, he had an audience with Weetamoe,[3] Queen of the Pocassets, and urged her alliance with the English. This he was unable to secure, she declaring that all her people had gone, against her will, to Philip's dance, as war was certain.

Having made sure of these facts, Church, with incredible celerity, hastened to Plymouth, reaching there after a journey of forty-two miles from Tiverton, or fifty from Little

(1) Dexter's Church's King Philip's War, Vol. I, p. 6.

(2) Biog. and Hist. of Indians of N. A. S. G. Drake, p. 252.

(3) Weetamoe was the wife of Wamsutta and therefore sister-in-law of King Philip.

Compton, by the next morning, having collected the Committee of Safety on his way.

The war was then on. Maj. William Bradford, son of Gov. Bradford, of the *Mayflower,* was given command of the Plymouth soldiers, and he at once requested Church to accompany him and to use his influence to secure the co-operation of the "Gentleman of Rhode Island." This courteous diplomacy seemed necessary because Rhode Island had been excluded from the confederacy of the New England colonies, formed for mutual defence in 1643,—"on account of her heretical toleration of religious freedom, and her open advocacy of liberty of conscience," says one historian; and "because they had not been able to institute a government such as could be relied on for the fulfilment of stipulations mutually made by the four colonies," says another.[1]

Church being cut off from Little Compton, the friendly Awashonks was left in entire uncertainty as to what protection she could expect from Plymouth; her people meanwhile were carried away by the tide of Philip's early successes.

Church at the time was in the thick of the fighting north of Mount Hope Bay, in Swansea. He was wounded in the Great Swamp Fight, Dec. 19, 1675, receiving "one bullet in the thigh, a small flesh wound at the waist, and a pair of wounded mittens." The narration of this affair, and particularly of his hand-to-hand encounter, after being wounded, with a greased and naked Indian, is breezy reading.

After many adventures Church made a desperate effort to break southward through the hostile Pocassets to keep his pledge with Awashonks. With about forty soldiers he hastened from Fall River to Bristol, over Bristol Ferry the same night, the next night across the Saconet, where Stone Bridge now is, and was lying in wait for the enemy before daybreak. An anticipated fight was spoiled because one of the Plymouth soldiers "troubled with the epidemical plague of lust after tobacco must needs strike fire to smoke it and

(1) Church's King Philip's War, Dexter, Vol. 1, p. 17, note.

thereby discovered the soldiers to the enemy who precipitately fled."

THE FIGHT OF THE PEASE-FIELD.

Church piloted the company down to Pocasset (or Punkatees) Neck, west of Tiverton Four Corners, where they succeeded in getting undiscovered into Mr. Almy's pease-field.[1] Here they were surprised by a whole horde of well-armed Indians and Church gave his Plymouth men their first taste of real Indian fighting. The colonel, almost single-handed, kept off the Indians, while his men were taken, one or two at a time, into canoes which had been sent over from Portsmouth, for the soldiers' deliverance, when the fighting was observed from the other shore. Then, levelling at the enemy his gun which was loaded with his last charge, the colonel walked boldly across the pease-field. He picked up his hat and coat where he had dropped them, and regained his fellows in their canoes amid a hail of bullets. Two of these struck the canoe as he got into it, one grazed his hair, while another was embedded in a small stake which was close to his breast.

He embarked all his twenty men safely, after a six hours' engagement with 300 Indians; a deliverance which the good gentleman often refers to in his history "to the glory of God and His protecting providence." I scarcely ever ride over Windmill Hill, or sail down the Sakonnet River, without trying to picture this lively fight in my awakened imagination. There are many such stirring incidents recorded in Colonel Church's history.

THE TREATY.

It is impossible to follow Colonel Church through the perils and adventures of the war. I commend his book to your reading as really containing material for two or three modern romances; it is told in blunt, pictorial English and has the charm of truth.

Besides the reception of the above-mentioned "embassy" and the fight of the pease-field which occurred on the shore

(1) Church's King Philip's War, Dexter, Vol. 1, p. 31, and note p. 36.

lots west of Windmill Hill, there were two other interesting events which occurred in this town, viz.: the making of the famous treaty which occurred at the great rock on the Rev. William Richmond's farm,[1] and Colonel Church's parley with the Indians at Sakonnet Point, which took place at Mr. Lloyd's bathing beach. The latter incident occurred during Colonel Church's hurried canoe trip from Wood's Holl to Portsmouth.[2]

NOTABLE PERSONAGES.

The name of one of the most influential of the original settlers, William Pabodie, seems to have been made immortal because of being his wife's husband. His grave is marked by the ancient slate slab to the left of the monument to "Betty" Alden. He was one of the twenty-nine who proved their shares at Plymouth in 1673, and he, like the Churches, Richmond, Irish and Rouse, had a part in all the subsequent allotments. He was one of the committee sent to purchase the land of the Indians; he was first clerk of the corporation, and the earlier part of the ancient book of records, since copied for the town's use by Otis Wilbour, is undoubtedly in his handwriting. I have no doubt that it was he who made the ancient map to which I made reference as being among the town records. He and Elizabeth Alden were married at Duxbury in 1644.

On which of his several allotments of land William Pabodie first settled is uncertain, but there is no doubt that he eventually built for his home that now venerable structure which constitutes a part of the homestead of Mrs. George Gray. This was upon a small grant of land in the southern part of the Awashonks Reservation, which he drew in the allotment of 1681.[3] Elizabeth was the daughter of John and Priscilla, of the *Mayflower,* of Plymouth and of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish;* it is pleasant to note that her descendant, John Alden, and his mother, who

(1) Dexter's Church's King Phillip's War, Vol. 1, p. 77. Col. Church definitely locates this rock on Capt. Richmond's farm, which was lot No. 26, allotment of 1674.

(2) Ibid, p. 73.

(3) Lot 23, allotment of 1681; see Otis Wilbor's ancient map.

Monument to
ELIZABETH ALDEN PEABODY

is an antiquarian student of high order, have their summer home among us.

The monument, into which Elizabeth's tombstone has been set, was erected in 1882 through the efforts of Mrs. Charles Wilbour, the great-aunt of our neighbor and representative, Philip H. Wilbour. This shaft is a proper memorial to mark Mrs. Pabodie's last resting place, though there seems to be something of dispute concerning the statement that she was the first white woman born in New England, as the inscription on the monument records.

One never feels the realism of long past events so keenly as when he experiences his first sensations in some ancient burial place of the historic dead:—among the effigies of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, before the marble tombs and rude coffins of the French kings at Saint Denis, or beside the lead caskets of Ferdinand and Isabella in the cathedral crypt at Granada. A like realization of the nearness of past lives is aroused in one's mind on proceeding, after an hour's retirement among the town's old books, into the ancient cemetery where he is confronted with the half-obliterated names of John Rouse, Constant Southworth, John Almy, Nathaniel Searle, and generation after generation of Pabodies, Richmonds, Churches, Brownells, Baileys, Grays, Grinnells, and the rest.

One fondly stoops to trace the archaic records on the fast-scaling stones, and conjures up in fancy those incidents which have come down to us in the lives of those whom they commemorate. We are told, for instance, that Col. Benjamin Church "was carried to his grave in great funeral pomp, and was buried under arms." Cannot Fancy picture that winter day in 1718; the open grave by the little, gray meeting-house, the great concourse of villagers, Indians, clergymen, dignitaries from Providence, Newport, Plymouth, men in steeple hats and knee breeches, women in straight gowns and kirtles, the pillioned horses hitched and feeding around the then broader confines of the Common. And good Pastor Billings now resting in a neighboring grave, standing, with great Bible in hand, while the long rifles or bell-mouthed guns of the soldiers sound the last

tribute which reverberates across fields and woodlands made habitable by the prowess of the dead warrior.

Then another scene, not attended with marshal pomp, but appealing more tenderly to our sensibilities. Again an open grave, one a few paces from Colonel Church's tomb, —again the little gray meeting-house, now darkened by the weathering of a hundred winters,—a great concourse of mourners around the towering,[1] gowned form of the Rev. Mase Shepard, the good pastor—shepherd in name and in fact, at the grave of his own beloved son, John Haskins Shepard, applying to his own stricken heart the consolation which he had so often meted out to his afflicted people. The erect form, the bowed head, the beloved familiar face, calm with the schooling which inures the New Englander to repress the expression of grief,—the stillness of the evening, broken by the utterance of self-abnegation: "Not my will but thine, O God, be done!"

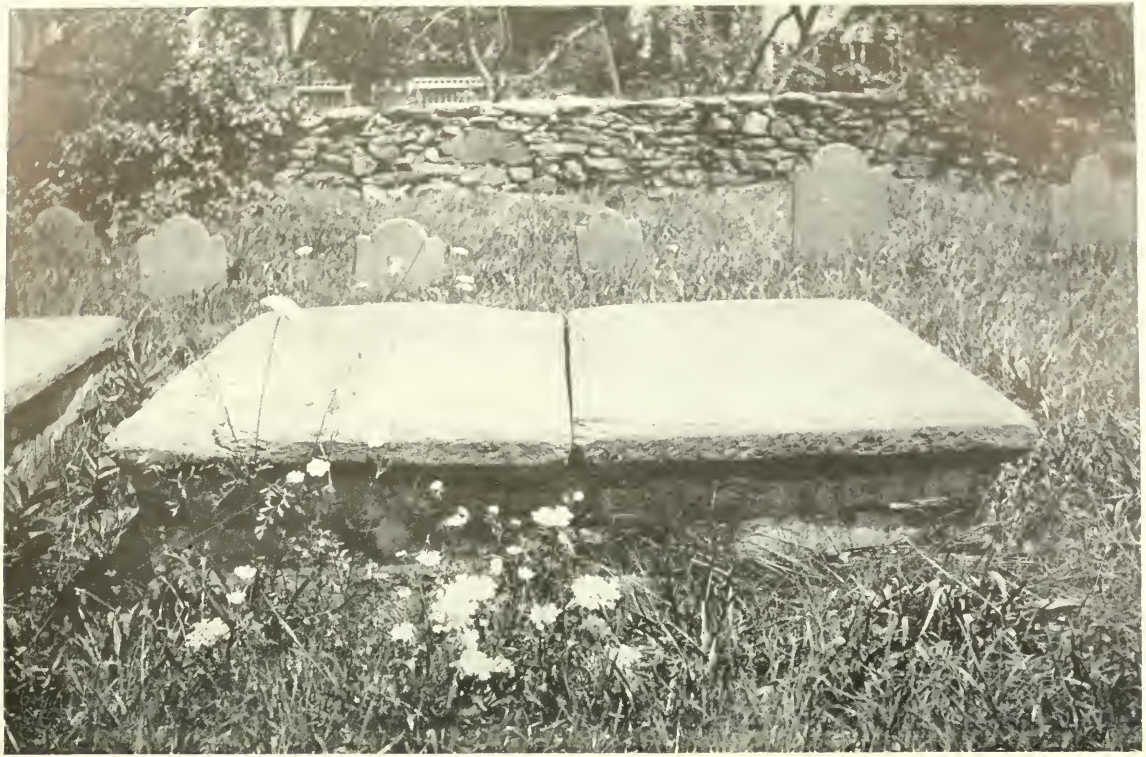
As we pass from the graves of the Shepards, father and son,—reverently noting those of Richard Billings and Jonathan Ellis, the earlier ministers,—going toward the Pabodie monument, we observe a low, slate stone, with placid, graven cherub and ornate border decoration. The inscription reads: "In memory of Mr. Richard Grinnell, who departed this life March 15th, 1789, in the 73d year of his age."

Some wild and fanciful stories are told of the voyaging of the man who, oblivious of all, reposes beneath this modest memorial. The folklore of the town would have it that he was a gallant sailor man whose flag was sometimes the Union Jack and sometimes the Jolly Roger.

> "And wickedly he sailed
> As he sailed, as he sailed!"

Indeed, it used to be whispered that he was a jovial fellow-marauder of the famous Captain Kidd. When, however, we come to line these stories up against the measuring

(1) "His weight was fully two hundred, and his figure erect and symmetrical." 175th Anniversary pamphlet, p. 47. The old portion of the present residence of Mr. J. B. Richmond was the house of Rev. Mase Shepard. His grave is shown at the left of the church in the frontispiece.



Graves of Benjamin Church and Alice Southworth, his wife

stick of history, we find that like many of the oft-told legends, they do not coincide with the facts. For, in this case, we find that Captain Kidd died before Captain Grinnell was born; and in this way I am afraid will go all the fanciful traditions which have been told at many a winter fireside concerning this famous man. He was the son-in-law of pastor Billings, was a good sailor and a successful merchant, and a man of exemplary habits. It is quite possible that his temporal prosperity excited the imaginations of the envious to create tales which might be derogatory to the good captain's influence in the community.

No stone in the cemetery has occasioned more speculation than that of "Elizabeth, who should have been the wife of Simeon Palmer." There are various stories connected with this good lady. Why this curious phraseology is graven over her last resting place no one knows, but certain suggestive facts appear upon the town records. Her name, which the stone for some reason, or probably no reason, conceals, was Elizabeth Mortimer. She was born in 1712 and died, so the record says, August 10th, 1776; the stone, possibly recording the day of burial, is marked August 14th.

Elizabeth was, in fact, the wife of Simeon Palmer, having been married to him by the Rev. Jonathan Ellis Sept. 5, 1755. She, therefore, was his wife during twenty-one long years. Let us hope the romance, if romance there was, ended happily. She was Simeon's second wife, he having been married in 1723 to Lydia Dennis, who having given birth to six children died in 1754. That no unkind feelings existed because of the earlier marriage is shown by the fact that Elizabeth's only child bore the name of Simeon's first wife—Lydia.

The good old aunties of our town have told the little children, and those little children when they became good old aunties have told other little children startling stories of how it happened that Elizabeth failed to become the wife of Simeon Palmer. One of these which had considerable vogue was that the haughty-minded Elizabeth refused, on the evening of her wedding day, to partake of a supper of cat meat which the frugality of her husband had suggested;

and horrified at such a method of life, but mindful of the obligations of her marriage vow, had thereafter, though living separate from him, always performed the wifely duties of repairing Simeon's clothing and darning his hosiery. I am afraid that the hard-minded searcher after facts, while he cannot avoid being interested in these traditions, will brush them aside with those of the Arabian horse and Algerine princess of the famous sailor-man, "Pirate Dick."[1]

Simeon was unquestionably a man of prominence in the community and was town attorney in 1796.

THE FRENCH WARS.

Fortunate in its friendly relations with the natives, the successive storms of the French and Indian wars passed around our peaceful peninsula by sea and by land. It would seem, however, that the community sent its quota, both of officers and men, to each of the four wars and bounties were freely offered for enlistments.

It is recorded that after Braddock's defeat, "Jonathan Ellis at Little Compton and Joseph Fish at Westerly preached to their respective congregations on the justice of the war and prayed for the success of the armies."[2]

Edward Richmond, one of the original settlers, had been a lieutenant in King Philip's War. He was a lawyer by profession; he held various civil positions, and was the colonial attorney-general 1677-80. He was one of the grantees named in the first deed from Awashonks to the settlers which was made in 1673. He was commissioned captain (1690) during King William's War, about the time that Benjamin Church was sent by Governor Hinkley, of Massachusetts Bay to the Coast of Maine.[3] His last resting place is the oldest identified grave in the town (1696). It is in the family burial-place on the old farm now owned by Rev. William Richmond. This farm was allotted to Edward

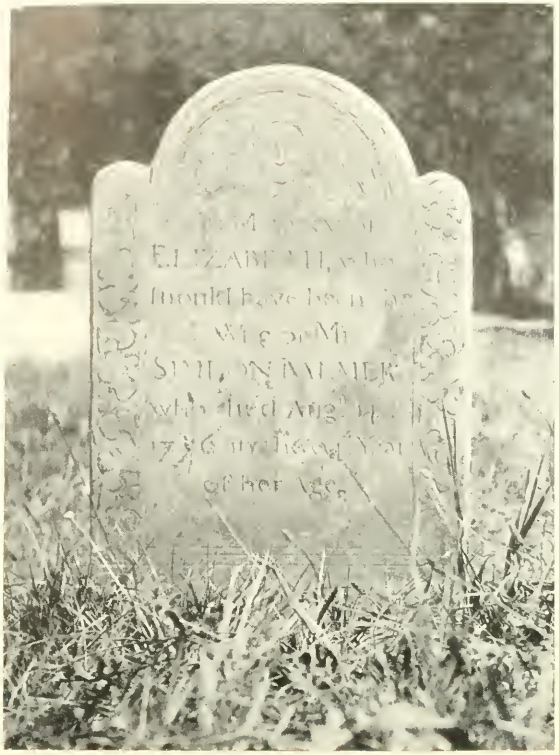
(1) Note: In a subsequently published story (1905), entitled Saint Abigail of the Pines, Elizabeth's curious epitah has been made use of without her permission and with no acknowledgment to her.

(2) Field's State of Rhode Island, etc. Vol. 1, page 198.

(3) Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, p. 163.

In Memory of
ELIZABETH, who
Should have been the
Wife of Mr.
SIMEON PALMER
who died Augst 14th
1776 in the 64th Year
of her Age.

IN MEMORY of
Lidia y^{e} Wife of
M^{r}. Simeon Palmer
who died Dece^{mr}
y^{e} 26th 1754 in y^{e} 35th
Year of her Age.



Richmond's brother, John, at the first drawing in 1674, as lot 26. John was a wealthy resident of Taunton and apparently never lived in Little Compton.

Col. Sylvester Richmond was commissioned lieutenant in 1710, during Queen Anne's reign, and as colonel by Governor Shirley, under George II in 1742. The original documents of the commission as colonel and various communications from Gov. Shirley are in possession of the family. He married the granddaughter of Elizabeth Pabodie—"Betty Alden" (1693).

Colonel Richmond is buried near his son Perez within the shadow of this church, of which he was one of the original incorporators.

Col. Sylvester Richmond's two sons, Sylvester,—1698-1783, and Perez,—1702-1770, both of whom were born here, were prominent in the French Wars. The former removed to Dighton about 1723. He commanded the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment at the siege of Louisburg under Sir William Pepperrell.[1]

In acknowledgment of his services he was invited to England to receive the thanks of the Crown. He declined the honor for himself, but sent his eldest son, Ezra, to King George II, who conferred a commission upon him.[1]

It is said that Col. Richmond was the only American who entered Louisburg properly exemplifying the care of the American housewives. The rigors of the siege had exhausted everything in the camp in the way of purple and fine linen save only one finely ruffled shirt which the colonel had carefully stowed away in the bottom of his gripsack in order that he might appear creditably at the anticipated victory. Much did his comrades marvel at the colonel's spick and span appearance on that famous occasion.

Capt. Perez Richmond was commissioned to serve under his brother, the colonel, in 1742. His commission is also preserved. His estate lay partly in Westport and partly

(1) Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, Series VI., Vol. 10, appendix p. 505.

(2) The Richmond Family, J. B. Richmond, p. 37.

in Little Compton, and his remains rest in the cemetery beside this church.

You will find on the gravestone of his wife, Deborah, this mournful couplet:

> "Farewell, vain world, thou hast been to me
> Dust and a shadow; these I leave with thee."

Let us suppose that this melancholy condition, if, indeed, it were hers, was due to the early demise of the lamented Perez whom she survived a dozen years.

The older Colonel Sylvester had a son William, who was judge and town clerk of this town (1731); he in turn had two sons, Barzillai and William, both born in Little Compton, who were colonels in the King's Army in the French and Indian Wars. Both were at the siege of Ticonderoga in Colonel Dalrymple's regiment.

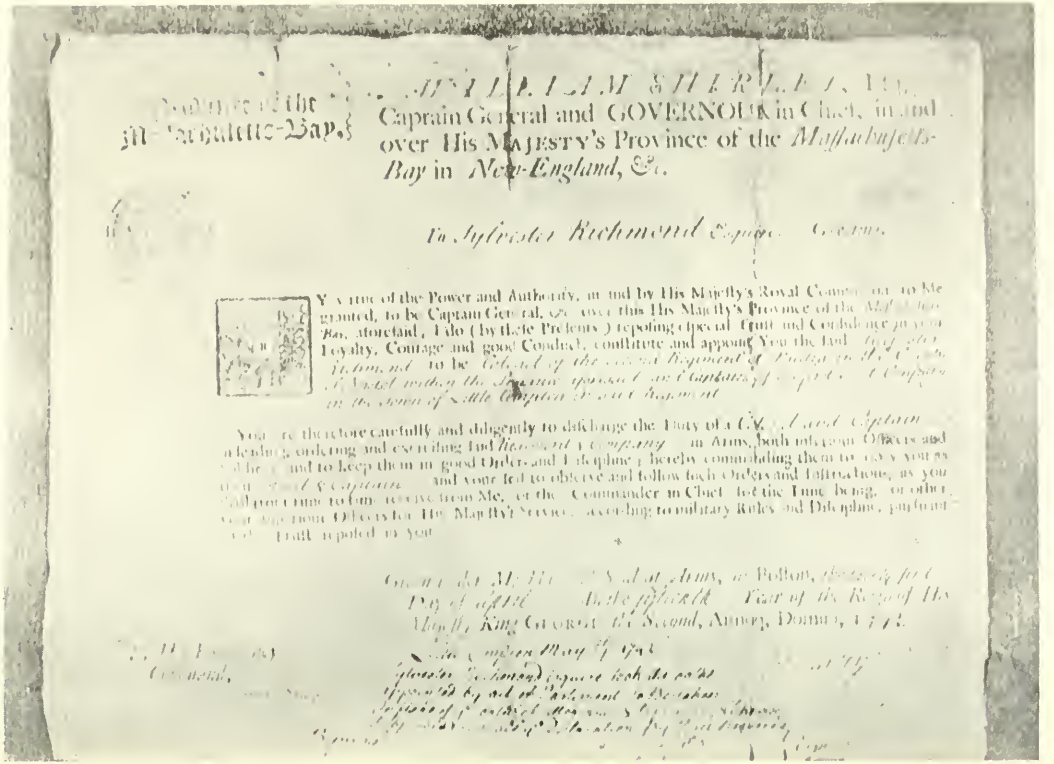
William early moved to Providence, and Richmond Street in that city is named for him. He raised four companies of soldiers, over one of which he was captain, for the re-enforcement of General Johnson's command at Crown Point.

Barzillai's brother, William, was a famous son of Little Compton in Revolutionary times; he had also served in Canada and at Crown Point, as lieutenant, under his brother.

The Richmonds were not the only family whose sons honored this community in helping to maintain English supremacy in the colonies; with the above record, however, they seem to have been very prominent all through this fateful period, and I mention them as significant of the important part that our little town played in colonial affairs.

Col. Benjamin Church, though not as conspicuous as he was in King Philip's War, was equally active in King William's and Queen Anne's Wars. He was in command of five different expeditions on the coast of Maine and the Bay of Fundy, including a fruitless adventure against Port Royal (1704). The second book of his history is the narrative of these expeditions.

During the interval between the French Wars and the Revolution, Little Compton prospered. Remote from any seaport, the town was, in colonial days as it is now, some-



Commission of Col. Sylvester Richmond, 1742

what isolated. Its industry was agricultural, while that of its neighbors, Newport and New Bedford, was mercantile and maritime. But farming in those days was profitable. Two ferries facilitated traffic with Newport Island; Howland's Ferry, where Stone Bridge now is, and Taggart's Ferry which plied between Fogland Point and Middletown.

That this means of transport was attended with danger is evidenced by the laconic record on one of the stones in the churchyard: "Sacred to the memory of Mr. Galen Taylor, drowned by upsetting of a ferry-boat while passing from Rhode Island to Little Compton." Nevertheless, our Commons became a way station for traffic between Newport and New Bedford and Plymouth.

Windmills began to spread their picturesque wings. Colonel Church's grandson, Thomas, erected a windmill near the site of Dr. Gardner's house, although Mr. Blake says this mill was built by William Roach, who owned the farm after the Revolution.

Another mill was built at a later period on the Commons nearly opposite the church, and just back of Miss Wilbour's house. On the top of Windmill Hill there stood another great sail-spreader which was probably the unknowing cause of our long hauls up that sightly elevation. This mill was built in 1828 by Mr. Cook Almy, who sold it to George A. Gray, and he in turn removed its bulky usefulness to his farm—the old Pabodie Farm, where it went its daily rounds until 1880. Then, Daniel B. Almy lured it away to grace the fashionable hills across the river; there it still turns and grinds Johnnie-cake meal, an example of sobriety and economy within the purlieus of the wealthy, to the delight of tourists, artists and all loyal Rhode Islanders.

Another mill, which stood upon the lot occupied by the Wilbour Cemetery, was owned by Mr. Clark Wilbor, father of our neighbor, Oliver H. Wilbor. After Mr. Clark Wilbor's death, this mill was moved across the road, its sails were trimmed and now as the residence of the Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer its ancient dome shelters the grinding of other grain.

In 1724 it seems that church and state in Little Compton

were torn apart in that a new meeting-house was built and the old building used hitherto for worship and for town meetings, since 1693, was turned over to the secular uses of the Town Hall with a combined poorhouse and public tavern downstairs.[1]

This venerable structure, whose ancient respectability is now a trifle down at the heel, after a continued usefulness of 210 years was retired from public service without a pension when the president of the United States was pleased to appoint a new postmaster for Little Compton and to move the post office across the road in the spring of 1904.

I recently ascended to the attic which has been built within the rafters of the old Town Hall, which was abandoned in 1882. The history of this old building and the traditions and associations connected with it have been handed down in a scholarly and sympathetic address delivered at the dedication of the new Town Hall by the late Isaac C. Wilbour.

I tried, under the guidance of Brother Briggs, to picture to my mind the crowded upstairs room, the steep ascent and narrow entrance blocked on meeting days with a band of not always amicable village politicians. In old times among them were such notables as Gov. Isaac Wilbour, Col. Joseph Church, William Richmond and Lemuel Sisson; and within the recollection of some of you here, Deacon Richmond, Col. Nathaniel Church, his brother John, Deacon Bailey and Valentine Simmons. Then, the meeting packed into the little square amphitheatre, whose seats rose to the eaves, with a gallery above, the latter being almost within reach of the speaker's hand, and generally lined with mischievous or awe-stricken small boys.

Here were woven the web and woof of the political history of the town which the records show to be of a character far superior to that of many more pretentious New England communities.

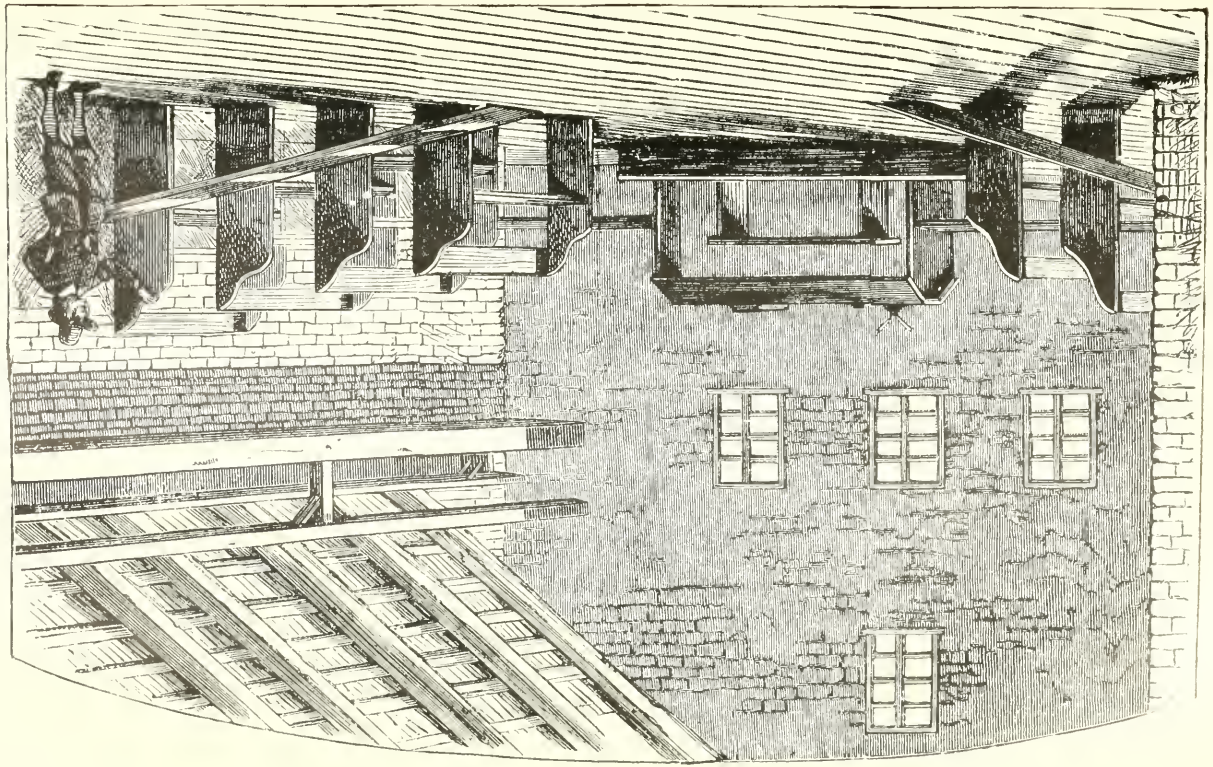
REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

That Little Compton was early pledged to the "policy of

(1) Isaac C. Wilbour's address, p. 9.

INTERIOR, OLD TOWN HALL.

This picture is from an old drawing, and was used by Isaac C. Wilbour in a magazine article about 1882. It is incorrect in that it depicts a brick or stone construction, when the town hall is a frame building; it shows four windows where there should be three. Those who remember the room as it was, however, say that the general representation is correct, especially as to the gallery, desk, benches and the inclined planks used to ascend to the sitting places.



industrial independence" and that we are Protectionists by heredity, is shown by the following Resolution recorded in 1768:

> "RESOLVED: That we do engage that we will not purchase any of the following articles manufactured out of North America; . . . . . and we will discourage the use of mourning apparel, gloves, etc., at funerals, except such as are of our own manufacture."

That it never wavered when a persistence in this doctrine led to resistance to constituted authority is evidenced by another Resolution, which was passed a month after the Boston Tea Party (February 3d, 1774).

> "That whereas there is an act of Parliament to levy a duty on tea inported into America, which is a tax on Americans, therefore it is *Resolved*, That we will stand ready with our lives and fortunes, not only to assist this colony but likewise the patriotic government of Massachusetts Bay, New York, Philadelphia, or any other of our sister colonies."

When Boston was beginning to suffer the punishment inflicted through the closing of the port against commerce by the operation of the Boston Port Bill (June 18, 1774), patriotic eloquence rolled through those two little windows from under the oaken timbers of 1693, and it crystallized itself into the following Resolution:

> "RESOLVED: That our delegates to the General Assembly be instructed to aid in securing a grant from the General Treasury for the Poor of Boston who are suffering under the severity of arbitrary laws . . . but if a grant cannot be obtained out of the General Treasury, it is Voted: Resolved, we will make a grant out of our own Treasury."

Again, in furtherance of the above (December 21, 1774,) a vote was passed in Town Meeting to raise thirty pounds for the suffering people in Boston,—against which practical effort I regret to say that Elizabeth's Simeon and one other

conservative citizen recorded a solemn protest. Perhaps Simeon preferred to remain standing upon the proposition of getting an appropriation from the State General Assembly.

On the same day that the above resolution was passed it was voted:

> "That the Association entered into and signed by the delegates of the Grand Continental Congress convened at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, ought to be faithfully kept and observed."

I find many resolutions tending to show that the fires of patriotism were not suffered to fail upon our shores. Thus, November 29, 1776, "that Adam Simmons be appointed to act with the Committee of Safety in furnishing the soldiers who are immediately to be raised in this town, with blankets, knapsacks, firearms, bayonets, and cartridge boxes, and Voted that this Town give thirty shillings lawful money, to be paid to each of fifteen able-bodied men who shall first enlist out of the militia of this town."

At the breaking out of the war the population of the town was 1,232, of which 304 were white males over sixteen years of age. [1]

A state committee of safety had been convened, composed of one man from each county. William Richmond, of Little Compton represented Newport county.[2]

This man was the William Richmond previously referred to as a lieutenant at Crown Point. He was as conspicuous a figure in the community during the Revolution as his uncle had been during the French Wars. He was colonel in the State Brigade in 1776,[3] and although this command was broken up in a subsequent reorganization of the State militia he held his commission throughout the war, and was at one time military governor of Newport. It is said that Colonel Richmond's was one of the names urged upon General Washington, along with those of General Sullivan and Colonel Lippett, when a general was to be appointed to com-

(1) Bayles' History, p. 1000.
(2) Bayles' History p. 369.
(3) For the roster of Col. Richmond's regiment, see Cowell's Spirit of '76, p. 23.

mand the army of defence during the British occupation of the island.

In January, 1776, the British raided Prudence Island and burned seven houses there. Colonel Richmond, together with the subsequently famous Colonel Barton and other officers, was dispatched with his command to drive them from the island. This, after a sharp engagement, they succeeded in doing.

In April, of the same year, he planted a battery on Brenton's point, and from this place of vantage he drove off the British ship *Glasgow* and the transport *Snow*, which were headed for Newport.[1] Later we find him with certain Rhode Island and Connecticut troops sent by Washington to the defense of Eastern Long Island.

Many amusing anecdotes have been handed down concerning Colonel Richmond. The following may be found in the monumental work on the genealogy of the Richmond family, which was written by our neighbor, Joshua B. Richmond. It is told that while on a visit to his older brother, Barzillai, who was wedded to the old order of things, the following incident occurred: During morning devotions, after the Bible reading, when prayer was about to be offered, the colonel interrupted the proceedings with: "I have been here now three days, every morning you have prayed and haven't mentioned the American Congress nor prayed for the success of the American arms. Now, by God! if you don't this morning I'll knock you down with this cane when you say Amen!"

The following incident should be associated both with the veteran colonel and our ancient town hall:

"Once, in high party times, Col. Richmond was told by the presiding officer that his vote would be taken out of the ballot box (though well known since boyhood to every man in the town), because he had not registered his name; the colonel replied: 'If you touch my vote, I shall come down with this cane on your head,' at the same time holding the vote in his left hand and the rebellious cane in the right

(1) Bayles' History, p. 329 and p. 340; Peterson's History of Rhode Island, p. 211.

hand. The officer attempted to extract the vote, and the cane came down and hindered the operation. A row ensued, in the midst of which an unexpected combatant appeared. Primus Collins, who had been honored with election to the Negro governorship of Rhode Island (an ancient custom in that state), and who was always called Governor Collins, was in the gallery. The white of his eyes and of his teeth was soon visible, and exclaiming: 'It is about time for this darkey to drop!' he leaped from the gallery into the midst of the combatants, and by means of his black face, sudden appearance and vigorous blows scattered the opponents of 'Old Master' right and left, and the vote remained undisturbed."[1]

Colonel Richmond lived, died and was buried on the old family farm. Leaving no children, he bequeathed his property to the grandfather of the Rev. William Richmond; the latter now makes the historic homestead his summer residence.

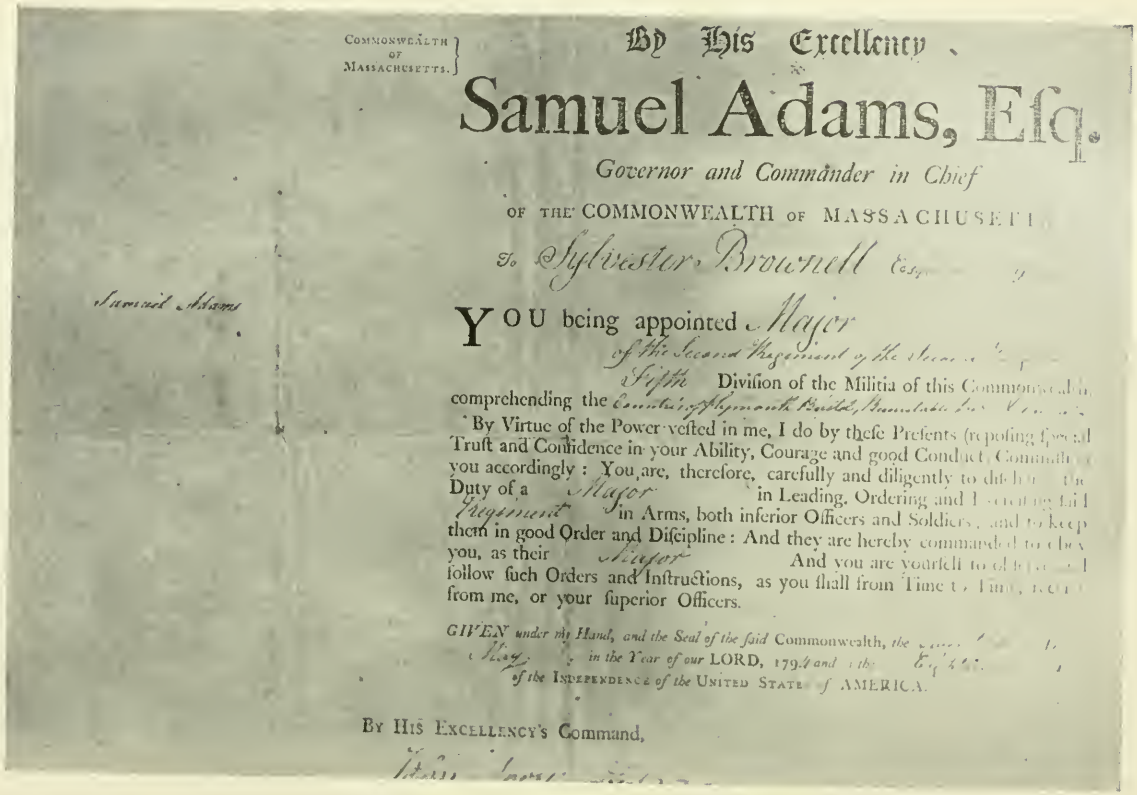
Colonel Richmond gave a triangular lot out of this farm to old Primus. This little piece of land, being shaped like a smoothing-iron, was known for generations as the "Primus heater," just as the famous three-cornered building in New York by a corresponding simile, is called the "Flatiron Building." This lot was bought back many years afterward by an uncle of the present owner so that the boundaries of the farm remain to-day as they were when the allotment was made to John Richmond as Lot No. 26, in 1674.

A Newport County regiment, the Third Rhode Island, was mustered in on May 3d, 1775, with Thomas Church of Little Compton as colonel.[2] He was a leading citizen of the town and state. He lived on the farm afterwards known as the Sisson farm at Sakonnet Point, and he sleeps where his devoted townsmen laid him, beside this building.

I have Mr. Isaac C. Wilbour's authority for the statement that Little Compton then raised a company of twenty-four men under command of Capt. Thomas Brownell.

(1) The Richmond Family, J. B. Richmond, p. 74.

(2) Field's History, Vol. I., p. 443; Peterson's History, p. 204; Cowell's Spirit of 76, p. 16.



COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By His Excellency

Samuel Adams, Esq.

Governor and Commander in Chief

OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

To Sylvester Brownell Esq.

Samuel Adams

YOU being appointed Major of the Second Regiment of the Second [illegible] Fifth Division of the Militia of this Commonwealth, comprehending the Counties of Plymouth Bristol, Barnstable [illegible]

By Virtue of the Power vested in me, I do by these Presents (reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Ability, Courage and good Conduct) Commission you accordingly: You are, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a Major in Leading, Ordering and Exercising said Regiment in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline: And they are hereby commanded to obey you, as their Major And you are yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions, as you shall from Time to Time, receive from me, or your superior Officers.

GIVEN under my Hand, and the Seal of the said Commonwealth, *the* [illegible] May [illegible] *in the Year of our* LORD, 1794 *and in the* [illegible] *of the* INDEPENDENCE *of the* UNITED STATES *of* AMERICA.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S Command,

[illegible]

COMMISSION OF SYLVESTER BROWNELL AS MAJOR

The tradition that this company served at Bunker Hill, is, I think, misleading, for it appears that the Rhode Island regiments at that time were united to a so-called Army of Observation, which was dispatched to Boston under General Greene. They encamped first at Jamaica Plain, and, afterwards, at Cambridge, while the Providence Train of Artillery were stationed on Roxbury Neck.[1]

Mr. John Austin Stevens says, "No Rhode Island troops were in the Battle of Bunker Hill."[2]

This may have been true as to Rhode Island commands, but it is quite certain that some Rhode Island individuals such as our own Jonathan Brownell and his son Sylvester, were among the heroes of that famous event. The Brownells went to the war with the Massachusetts soldiers, and Sylvester's commissions as captain and major, signed by Samuel Adams and John Hancock, respectively, hang in the parlor of the old Brownell homestead. In this house he died, in 1840, at the good old age of eight-two years. His son, Thomas Church Brownell, born in this place and named after the veteran's companion in arms, became rector of Trinity parish in New York, Episcopal bishop of Connecticut and first president of Trinity College.

At the breaking out of the war, Capt. Thomas Brownell was, together with Col. William Richmond, a representative of Little Compton in the General Assembly, and it is natural that he should have been prominent in the formation of the local regiment. I am informed that the original roster of his company is in possession of Mrs. Charles Edwin Wilbour.

In June, 1775, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, six companies were raised to recruit the regiments before Boston; two were from Newport county and one of these, the Ninth, appears to have been officered by Little Compton men: Thomas Gray, captain;[3] Lemuel Bailey, lieutenant; and William Southworth, ensign.

(1) Bayles' History, p. 312.

(2) Bayles' History, p. 315.

(3) Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army, F. B. Heitman, Washington, D. C., 1893.

"In October, 1775, the General Assembly ordered another regiment to be raised for one year. It consisted of twelve companies containing 750 men. It was taken into Continental pay, and the officers received Continental commissions, when the regiment marched to the westward in September, 1776." This was Col. William Richmond's regiment.

Capt. William Manchester commanded one of the companies.

In May, 1776, the Newport County regiment was divided into two regiments. The second regiment was made up of the companies from Tiverton and Little Compton. It was commanded by Colonel John Cooke. The First regiment comprised all the other companies from the county.[1]

Toward the close of the war we find the following Little Compton soldiers enrolled in a regiment that was stationed at old Fort Ticonderoga in 1782, viz.: William Brownell, Isaac Peirce, Job Manchester, Gardner Brownell, Richard Peirce, David Maxfield, Stephen Manchester, and Gideon Coggshall.[2]

Meanwhile the militia was strengthened for the defence of the town. In May, 1776, it was reorganized and divided into two companies officered as follows: First Company, Gideon Simmons, captain; Ephraim Simmons, lieutenant; William Bailey, ensign. Second Company, George Simmons, captain; David Cook, lieutenant, and Fobes Little, Jr., ensign. Second Company, George Simmons, captain; David Cook, lieutenant, and Fobes Little, Jr., ensign.

The record books are full of town legislation affecting the war and frequent appropriations were made for the payment of bounties and supplies.

While the British army occupied Newport (1776-1779) our shore was patrolled from Howland's Ferry (Stonebridge) to Sakonnet Point. The great camp was on Tiverton heights, the old Wing place was a commissary head-

(1) Bayles' History of Newport County, p. 342. For roster, see Cowell's Spirit of '76, p. 25.

(2) Cowell's Spirit of '76, p. 245.

quarters. Lafayette stopped for a time at the old house, now externally modernized, known as the Adoniram Brown place. Five houses in Little Compton were used as "watch-houses," *i. e.*, sort of local headquarters,—places for changing guard, etc. Two of these, the houses now belonging to Thomas D. Grinnell and Samuel Gray stand to-day, externally about as they were in Revolutionary times. Capt. Ephraim Simmons was stationed at the Gray house. Mr. Grinnell's house on Brimstone Hill is one of the most ancient in the town. In early times it was owned by the Irish family.[1] During the Revolution it was used as a watch-house under command of Capt. John Davis. The other watch-houses were, Col. William Richmond's house; Capt. Benjamin Coe's house, which was the home of our neighbor, Albert T. Seabury, until it was removed to make room for his present residence; and farther south, the house of Capt. Thomas Church on the Sisson farm at Sakonnet Point.

The guards kept a vigilant watch upon all that was going on upon the river and the opposite shore, and especially upon the line of hostile boats which was stationed in the Sakonnet river to blockade Little Compton and Tiverton and prevent supplies being shipped to the American camp on Tiverton Heights.

As might be expected these opposing forces came in contact from time to time with amusing, or lively, or sometimes fatal consequences.

In January, 1777, the farmers trained a twelve and an eighteen pound cannon on the British frigate *Cerebus* which was lying in Fogland cove, killing six men before the vessel could draw out of range. One Little Compton man was injured.

The most annoying of the blockading vessels was the *Kingfisher*, a man-of-war of 16 guns. A diligent search

(1) John Irish settled here. The present house was built before the Revolution; the ancient portion, 1674, was rebuilt about thirty years ago. Bayles' History, p. 1015; Lot 16, ancient maps.

Col. Church died from injuries received in a fall from his horse after visiting Mrs. Irish, who was his sister.

in the sandy shore south of High hill, below Fogland, at low tide, will reward you with a view of her sea-picked ribs. There is a diversity of tradition as to how she came to be stranded and blown up (July 30th, 1778). One story is that on the arrival off Fogland of three of Count d'Estaing's frigates, the *Kingfisher* and two "galleys" were set on fire by their own crews. "Their shotted guns" we are told, "went off in all directions, and their magazines exploded to the confusion and consternation of friend and foe."[1] A more entertaining narrative is, that during a dark night our folks hastily threw up a little earth-work on High hill near where the *Kingfisher* lay at anchor; they dragged down some cannon and opened up a merry and unexpected bombardment. In the confusion of getting out of the way in a hurry, it is said that the ill-fated vessel was run aground with the above-mentioned *finale*.[2]

In October, 1778, the "galley" *Pigot*, 200 tons, armed with eight twelve-pounders, blockaded the Sakonnet River. Maj. Silas Talbot started out from Providence in a small sloop, the *Hawk*, with two three-pounders. One dark night he dropped below Fogland point, secured reinforcements to his crew from Topham's regiment at Little Compton, and with a sudden surprise and hurrah captured the British vessel without the loss of a man on either side.[3]

Meanwhile the home guard was kept moving. A marauding band of desperadoes, headed by one William Crosson, was sent out from Newport to wage a guerilla warfare upon the surrounding country. They raided through the Island over Swansea Neck and into Fall River. They made several midnight boat sorties against our Little Compton farms. The depredations of Crosson's band became notorious, and measures taken to apprehend him were fruitless until Little Compton men took the matter into their hands. A curious boat, which they called a "shaving mill," was fitted out at Sakonnet Point, and in it a party of men under Lemuel Bailey effected Crosson's capture. He was

(1) Bayles' History of Newport County, pp. 380 and 906.

(2) Fragmentary Sketches, etc., P. F. Little, p. 9.

(3) Arnold's History of Rhode Island, Vol. II, p, 432. Bayles' History of Newport County p. 389 and p. 906.

taken under a strong guard to Providence where he narrowly escaped the wrath of the populace.[1]

Among the reckless associates of Crosson was one Goulds-borough. One night in July, 1779, he landed a party at Sakonnet Cove, surprised the two sons of Judge Taggart, who were doing sentry duty, bayoneted one of them in cold blood and took the brother and his father prisoners to Newport. The thrilling story of the subsequent escape of the surviving brother, in company with Capt. Benjamin Borden of Fall River, is told in William Taggart's Memoirs, in a rare and quaint book long out of print.[2]

The story of the Taggarts perhaps merits more than passing mention, for it leads to local historical discussion of considerable interest, which remains to be adjusted.

Major William Taggart, whose home was just across the river from Almy's Wharf, had commanded a flotilla of gunboats under General Sullivan, the American commander, and thereby incurred the enmity of the British.[3] When Sullivan's troops retreated from the island, the British burned Taggart's house. In recognition of his services we find the General Assembly ordered that the land deeded to Gideon Sisson by Thomas Church, still in possession of the latter, be set apart for Taggart's use.[4] Col. William Richmond was appointed to hold the land for him. This was the great Sakonnet Point farm, including the 242 acres between Long Pond, the road by the Sisson house and the sea, which land had descended directly to Thomas Church from his famous ancestor.

Gideon Sisson, who was no relative of Lemuel, from whom our Methodist neighbors spring, was a Newport Tory; and, he having been adjudged a traitor, his lands, here and elsewhere, were confiscated.

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(1) History of Rhode Island, Rev. Edward Peterson, New York, 1853, p. 222.

(2) Memoirs of William Taggart—Cynthia Taggart's Poems, p. xxxv; also Cowell's Spirit of '76, p. 321.

(3) Bayles' History, p. 1001.

(4) Rhode Island Colonial Records, Vol. 8, p. 323.

Mr. Blake, in Bayles' history, locates the occurrence at the Bailey cottage on Mrs. Kempton's property,[1] and in the recent voluminous history of Rhode Island by Mr. Edward Field this is accepted as correct, a picture of the house inserted, and the tragedy rehearsed in all its harrowing details.[2]

The Palmer and Bailey descendants repudiate the assertion that the peaceful homestead,—forever hallowed as the favored resort of the author of the hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," ever suffered this tragic baptism of blood.[3] I think the family are correct and the historians in error. It appears certain that it was the adjoining (Sisson) farm that was appropriated to Taggart's use, and it would seem probable from all the facts of the narrative that the cruel occurrence took place there.[4]

In passing, it is interesting to note that Gideon Sisson's lands were restored to him after the war; Taggart was reinstated at Newport and was one of a committee of four to receive General Washington there in 1781.[5]

The ploughshare of history turns up the story of the Taggarts again in the next century in a peaceful but no less pathetic narrative. The surviving brother was discovered fifty years later, in 1832, by the Rev. James Cook Richmond, father of our neighbor, Rev. William Richmond, suffering the extremities of poverty and old age in his home at Taggart's Ferry, which place, by the way, took its name from a cousin of the veteran. The old man's daughter Cynthia, when Mr. Richmond found them, had lain bed-ridden for eleven years with paralysis, composing meanwhile, a

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(1) Bayles' History of Newport County, p. 1002.

(2) State of Rhode Island at the End of the Century, Edward Field, Vol. III, p. 638.

(3) Rev. Ray Palmer was born in the old cottage on George T. Howard's farm; he lived, while a boy, at the Common, in the house which is now the residence of Nathaniel Church.

(4) After the above was written the writer procured Mr. P. F. Little's pamphlet, "Fragmentary Sketches," etc., in which this scene is conclusively located on Col. Sisson's farm.

(5) Cowell's Spirit of '76, p. 226.

perhaps superabundance of verses, dolefully religious, in consonance with her unfortunate condition and the atmosphere of her environment.

The Rev. James Cook Richmond made her and her verses the subject of a little book entitled, "The Rhode Island Cottage or a Gift for the Children of Sorrow" (1835). This book went through a second edition in 1842 and a third in 1851. I was fortunate in rescuing copies of the earlier editions from the bottom of a basket of old books on the sidewalk of the bookstore at the Old South Church in Boston.

With the assistance of the daughters of the Hon. John Jay, Mr. Richmond had this good lady's poems published,[1] and he was further influential in raising money which placed the Taggarts beyond the pangs of want and secured the tardy recognition of a pension,—which began to be paid, as pensions too frequently are, on the eve of the old man's removal from the scenes of earthly tribulation.

For fourteen months after July, 1778, the pent-up patriots on the island kept up an underground communication with the outside world through Little Compton, and the American officers were constantly apprised of the movements of the enemy. This was managed by Isaac Barker, a Middletown farmer, at one end, and at the other Lieutenant Chapin of Sherburne's Regiment, who was stationed at Little Compton and quartered, I am told, in the Amasa Gray house.[2] Great adroitness was required on the part of Barker, as he was, during the whole time, the unwilling host of British soldiers from whom probably he acquired the greater part of the information which he transmitted.

When the people in Newport desired to send a communication to the main-land, a certain pair of bars were left down, or placed standing against the wall, or Mr. Peleg Peckham's barn door was left open,—all in accord with a prearranged system. Then after nightfall a paper was to be found in a certain place on the Compton shore; a small

(1) Cynthia Taggart's Poems, Providence, 1834.

(2) The house of Samuel Gray previously mentioned.

vault covered with a flat stone, on the Middletown shore served as the depository for messages at that end.[1]

These facts have also been handed down in the family traditions of the household of our neighbor, Mrs. Sidney R. Burleigh. Her great-grandfather, William Wilkinson, who was a sergeant in Colonel Archibald Crary's Providence Regiment and that officer's secretary, was stationed for one winter at Little Compton. He found his duties were not very burdensome and he employed himself evenings in reading to your entertaining grandmothers. He was wont to narrate to his grandchildren stories of frequent nightly adventures when he had procured these mysterious papers and hurriedly ridden with them to his superior officers.

It is said that the despatches which in this manner brought to the island the inspiring news of Burgoyne's surrender, two days before its official announcement, are still in the possession of the Barker family.

The Lieutenant Chapin referred to, at one time during his stay in this town, took a whaleboat manned by six Little Compton men out from Sakonnet Cove and captured a British brig bound for New York, which was probably becalmed off the point. His prisoners, including the wife of Sir Guy Johnson, were brought to Little Compton.

Benoni Simmons, who lies buried here, was a sailor during the Revolution. A British cannon-ball carried away his right arm. He was a seaman on the *Alliance,* the vessel which took Lafayette to France in 1781. He used to tell how the famous general asked and was granted permission to take charge of the quarter-deck guns when a British man-of-war hove in sight—and how he valiantly kept the deck "whence all but him had fled."[2]

Cushing Richmond who was born in Little Compton died at the age of fourteen years, a prisoner on board the Jersey prison-ship *New York*—old Thomas Bailey and two others were seized on our bathing-beach and imprisoned on the same vessel—George William Curtis wrote a sonnet upon the pathetic fate of "the Rhode Island prisoner" on this dreadful vessel.[3]

(1) History of Rhode Island, Rev. Edward Peterson, New York, 1853, p. 220.
(2) P. F. Little's Fragmentary Sketches, p. 5.
(3) Richmond Family, p. 191.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

Independence secured, our town was still in the advance guard of enlightened political movement. Rhode Island hesitated to enter the constitutional compact, wavered and fell on the wrong side, 2,708 voting against and 237 in favor of, ratifying the federal constitution.

The Union was formed without this colony, she joining, as you know, after the government was inaugurated. Had Little Compton had her way in the matter Rhode Island would have been in with the other states, for her vote was 63 to 57 in favor of ratification. Bristol was the only other town in the state which favored the compact which we now call the charter of our liberties.[1]

During the War of 1812, the stirring episodes of the blockade were re-enacted.

The most aggravating of the English vessels which harrassed our shore and waylaid the boatmen on the river was the sloop *Nimrod*. Many were the fireside stories told of her and her crew.[2] The following has been taken from the Newport *Mercury* of June 26th, 1813:

"On Friday last a Launch and Barge from the brig *Nimrod* with about 40 men, chased on shore about one mile south of Fogland-ferry in the east passage a sloop belonging to Nantucket from New York, with a cargo of flour and corn. The crew left the sloop, when she was immediately taken possession of by the British and set on fire. The militia in the neighborhood assembled as soon as possible, and from behind a stone wall near the edge of the bank, commenced firing upon the British, and soon compelled them to quit the sloop, with the loss of two men. The fire was immediately extinguished and the sloop was got off and carried further up the river. The enemy had possession of the sloop for so short a time, that neither the vessel or cargo were materially injured.

Several 12-pound shot were picked up on the shore and in the bank and fields, which was fired from the launch. The

(1) Records of Colony of Rhode Island, Vol. X., pp. 271, 275.

(2) P. F. Little's "Fragmentary Sketches," p. 20.

spirited conduct of the militia of Little Compton is entitled to the highest praise. We are gratified in saying that no injury was sustained."

I have intruded upon these exercises too long to dilate upon the first century of prosperity under American independence, although I would gladly dwell upon scenes and anecdotes which have been imparted to me by my indulgent neighbors.

OLD-TIME CHURCH SERVICES.

This community is unusually fortunate in possessing an imperishable picture of its social life during the first half of the last century in the printed record of the exercises at the anniversary twenty-five years ago: the addresses of Rev. Mr. Hart, fervid with the enthusiasm of the pastor whose heart is his people's; of Rev. Ray Palmer, the poet, glowing with memories of the childhood's home; of Professor Charles U. Shepard, the scholar glowing with the inspiration of a son who adored his father's memory, and sparkling with the humor of the gifted *litterateur*.

How vividly, how tenderly, how cleverly is the old meeting-house, and the long and formal services therein conducted, described, in order that the memory of them might be preserved for coming generations! The one-story, weather-beaten, barn-shaped building, so often glorified as with Pentecostal light; the Sabbath worshippers quietly assembling for service, in best broadcloth or rustling silk, or humble gray; some on horseback, some in chaises, some walking along the blossoming byways or across the distant fields; the pillioned horses depositing in turn their fair and coquettish burdens at the church door; the imposing appearance of Deacon Brownell's coach,—the only two-horse vehicle in the town; the pausing, if it were winter, at the great stove in the entry-way to fill the footstoves for the comfort of the nether members, while doctrinal theology and spiritual inspiration were supposed to keep the bodies of the hearers aglow. Then the decorous entrance of the women into the high-backed, balustraded pews; the hush attending the arrival of the silk-gowned clergyman, accom-

panied by Dame Shepard, and followed by their numerous progeny, walking in subdued procession. The rising of the minister in the pulpit, which was the signal for the men to cease their door-yard contention concerning fish, crops, or politics and to take their places for worship, followed by the tramping of the men down the aisle and up the gallery stairs; the shutting to of the big pew-doors, and the general settling down to the quiet of the two hours' service. Professor Shepard narrates that there was a momentary stay in the proceedings occasioned by a large and aged man's solemnly mounting the pulpit steps. This gentleman was Mr. John Gray, whose infirmity of deafness endowed him with the exceptional privilege of standing, all through the service, at the minister's side with a great, brazen ear-trumpet held in close proximity to the preacher's face. How prosaic and commonplace compared with such an arrangement are the modern tubes and telephones which mechanically connect the pews with the pulpit!

Then it was customary that there should be another delay, for Mistress Margaret Lynn was an important functionary and must not be lost sight of. She was the sexton, and of her it was sometimes whispered that she cleaned the various pews with an assiduity proportioned to the owner's liberality; and the ear-trumpet and the morning's text must needs be suspended while she rustled down the aisle and disposed her ample petticoats in the straightened confines of her pew beside the pulpit.

After another brief, impressive silence there came the lining out of the hymns, each couplet being read by the pastor and sung by the congregation,—an alternation of song and speech which must have been jolting to the melody of the hymn. In early days the congregation were kept somewhere near the key by the twang of chorister John Taylor's tuning-fork, and in later days by the note of a violoncello, which time-honored instrument may be seen, in perfect condition, in our Historical Exhibit.

The lengthy sermon was not interrupted, but varied merely, by the occasional promenade up and down the aisle of Deacon Tompkins; he was a short, fat man, whose par-

tial paralysis precluded his staying long in a set position and therefore this peripetetic license was accorded for the amelioration of his distress. I fancy there are some here before me, who, while they covet no such infirmity are nevertheless envious of so acceptable a privilege.

To my mind the descriptions, such as that of the Sabbath service, the gathering after service at the parsonage, the polishing of the above-mentioned ear-trumpet, and other occurrences of parish experience, found in Professor Shepard's letter are of a literary value akin to the pictures of colonial life in Hawthorne's famous tales. Selections from this letter would make entertaining reading for us at the winter fireside, or at church festivals or school entertainments. Such readings would be far from tiresome and would tend to renew the traditions of old days.

If time permitted there are stories that might be told of Dorr's Rebellion and of the years of peace and prosperity previous to the breaking out of the Civil War. During the latter period the Common presented almost its present appearance, except that the houses looked newer and better kept, and the village bore a front of greater vigor and prosperity. There was an inn for the accommodation of the travelers who were brought into town by the two lines of Concord stages, whose appearance from New Bedford and Fall River constituted the most notable break in the quiet of the day. And then the busy windmill across the road south of the cemetery added liveliness to the scene.

Little Compton was the birthplace of one United States senator. James Freeman Simmons first saw the light in the old farmhouse now owned by Rouse Pearce. One governor of Rhode Island was born and lived here.—Governor Isaac Wilbour.

Probably most of you are familiar with the large painting in Mr. Wilbour's parlor. It is indeed a treasure in which the whole town may have pride. Mr. Blashfield, the artist, is one of the great men of his time, and his work in many capitols will help to save the memory of statesmen and soldiers from oblivion. It speaks well for his taste and discernment that, in the gardens of Italy and on the

THE GOVERNOR'S GRANDSONS
Painting by E. H. Blashfield.

waters of old Nile, he wooed and won a woman of Little Compton ancestry. Side by side, man and wife have labored in the fields of literature and art. Their edition of "Vasari's Lives of the Painters," and their books on "The Italian Cities" have become classics. Mrs. Blashfield's own literary work in lighter vein, such as *Masques of Cupid*, and numerous magazine articles have started a new growth of laurels upon the governor's family tree.

The painting to which I have referred is a life-size presentment of three white-headed and snowy-bearded old gentlemen engaged in the deliberation of a matter which is indicated upon the document spread before them, the map of the Little Compton "Gret" road,—a subject which cannot fail to arouse our local sympathy. The old men are Isaac C. Wilbour, Charles Edwin Wilbour and Isaac Wilbour Brownell. Looking into space from a framed portrait behind them appears the face of a beardless young man, who is clad in the straight-cut brown coat and folded neck-cloth of a century ago. The youthful figure represents Governor Isaac Wilbour. There is fine humor in the title of the painting "The Governor's Grandsons." Governor Wilbour entered public life when he entered manhood. He was representative from this town, and became speaker of the Assembly. He was twice lieutenant-governor and succeeded to the governorship on the death of Governor Mumford. At the expiration of his term of office he was elected to Congress. Subsequently, for eight years, he was chief justice of Rhode Island.

The following anecdote, which is too good to be lost, although well authenticated, has, I believe, never been published.

The time is after the Revolution and before the War of 1812. The scene, Tiverton Four Corners, a great concourse of people filling the roadway between the two country stores—the "red store" and the "white store." Conspicuous in the throng is a handsome young man of distinguished bearing, a ruffled front and snowy stock surmounting his straight-cut frock coat, his abundant hair wrapped and tied in a queue.

Attended by a couple of officers in uniform, supported by an officious sheriff and a constable, it is evident that the young man is a person of authority.

The centre of all the hubbub is a terrified woman bound to an upright stone post. The occasion of it all is that Governor Wilbour is about to attend the painful execution of the sentence of the Court that, for some misdemeanor, the woman shall be flogged. The women of the town are surging around his Excellency agitating a violent protest against the proposed indignity to one of "the sex."

The governor, compelling silence in a few temperate words, upholds the supremacy of law and expounds the executive duty,—receiving an insurbodinate wail in response from an unappreciative audience. Temporizing for a moment with rebellion, his Excellency, inquiring what the law says "anyhow," reads from the pages of the Statute: "The condemned prisoner shall be tied to an upright post and flogged according to the sentence of the Court." Another rebellious outcry—in soprano, followed by an expectant hush, during which his Excellency proffers the suggestive inquiry, "But ladies! If it happened that there should be no 'upright post,' how could the law be carried out?"

Whereupon a hundred willing hands unite in overthrowing, not for the occasion only, but for all time, the offensive instrument of public castigation, and since then no woman has been publicly flogged in Rhode Island.

The governor sleeps in the family burial place beside the ivy-covered belfrey where, at rare intervals, the music of chimes may be heard answering through the sunset stillness the tolling of the lonely bell that rocks with the heaving of the neighboring sea.

You know the place,—and the golden emblem pointing heavenward. It is the Egyptian sign of immortality, ancient as the pentateuch, but like the Christian cross, symbolizing the desire of the ages—the life eternal.

Near the governor's grave lie two of his "grandsons." One was a traveled and learned Egyptologist, versed in hieroglyphic lore; the other, keeping the even tenor of his way at home, employed his leisure hours in the study of

books and nature. Over his window which overlooks fields and sea and sky is carved the legend:

"Earth, Ocean, Air, Beloved brotherhood."

Shakespeare's Orlando, in the woods of Arden, burning with a less idyllic flame than his, is said to have fastened his romantic rhymings to the trees. Our neighbor, his heart pulsing with the love of nature, roved like a Druid through the woodland communing with its mysteries. Sometimes in your forest ramblings you may find yourself confronted by a hidden shrine his hand had set up—a tablet, perhaps, secured to the branches of some stately oak inscribed with a suggestive quotation from Emerson or Thoreau.

These kinsmen in their diverse ways exemplify the truth:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language."

THE CIVIL WAR.

We must also pass over the period of the Civil War in which Little Compton played her part, save to recall to those who were witnesses of the scene, the brilliant maneuvers on the village Common of the Little Compton Home Guard,—forty rifles, George W. Staples, first lieutenant; James Brownell, second lieutenant; and Solomon Whitney, third lieutenant; Oliver Page Peckham, first orderly sergeant; Frederick R. Brownell, second, and Frank Staples, third, with Boriah Brigham, Isaac Brownell and Albert Gray, the corporals,—and all under command of General Nathaniel T. Church, then prominent in state military affairs, mounted on his prancing coal-black saddle-horse and resplendent with sash, shoulder straps, chapeau, and flashing, gold-mounted sabre.

Proudly the little company is marched past the reviewing stand at Mr. Brown's store, Squire Philip F. Little beating the drum, and his boy, Henry Little, now a prosperous New York publisher, playing the fife,—and all treading jauntily to the marshal air of "Lumps of Puddin' and Pieces of Pie."

The Fall River *Journal* of September 28, 1861, which, through the courtesy of Mr. Nathaniel Church, may be read in our Exhibit, gives a two and a half column account of one of these inspiring events. It describes the distinguished personages present and says: "The Company looked most finely, and showed that they had been pretty well disciplined by their worthy Commander, Honorable Nathaniel Church. The 'brave sojer boys' were attired in neat uniform, black glazed military caps, blue jackets and black pants with white stripes. No military officer looked better or made a nobler appearance than Capt. Church. So we may say of the brave 'sojer' boys under command of Captain Church. . . . Among the privates of the company we were pleased to notice the tall, manly form of Col. Oliver C. Brownell, the Representative to the General Assembly. . . . While waiting to enjoy the eating of the smoking clams and sup the tasty plates of chowder, the company, under command of Major Henry T. Sisson (who was at the Battle of Bull's Run), went through the Zouave system of drill service, lying on the ground while firing blank cartridges, etc.,—showing that the gallant young major had made some proficiency in the science of military tactics while fighting in defence of his country under the valiant Colonel Slocum."

I regret the necessity which occasions the omission of a narrative of the heroic achievement of our late neighbor, to whom reference has just been made. Colonel Sisson was the hero of many brave deeds, but the action to which I especially refer was that at "Little" Washington, N. C., where with a part of his command, the Fifth Rhode Island Artillery, he rescued a whole Massachusetts regiment from annihilation, and thus placed his name upon the immortal roll of national heroes.[1]

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(1) History of 5th Regiment Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, J. K. Burlingame, p. 144.

NOTE: A member of the rescued 44th Massachusetts Regt., in a description of this exploit in the Providence *Journal*, June 24, 1906, writes: "It has always been a mystery why the exceeding gallantary of Col. Sisson in coming to our relief was not more widely known, for few braver deeds were done during the war. * * *

Funston won deserved honor and fame by an action no braver or more perilous than Sisson's. Rhode Island should be proud of such a son."

I suppose there would be a responsive rustle throughout this congregation if I should ask those to rise who remember Squire Little.

"P. F. Little, Esq., Job Printer, Deputy Sheriff and Commissioner of Deeds, author of "Little's Legal Advisor," "Live and Let Live," "Mind Your Stops," etc., etc., manufacturer of Laura Keene Hair Dye and Little's Diaphanic Soap. Come one, come all. Examine specimens and leave your orders!! N. B. Suits in Justice Court promptly attended to."[1]

His name was not mentioned this morning in Mr. Buxton's discourse, and probably that he should be eulogized from this pulpit years after his death would have been far from his own idea of the appropriateness of things; and yet so characteristic was his personality that a portrayal of Little Compton life during and after war times would be hardly complete if it failed to recall the little, white cottage that your memories will replace on the site of the Grange Hall, and, appropriately enough, right in the midst of our historical exhibit. You will remember the gaunt figure, the black head and piercing eyes that bent over the printing-press from which issued the only newspapers of which Little Compton ever boasted: *The Little Compton Platonic* and *The Village Bell.* Thence, too, emanated, among other choice things, the following remarkable productions, of which he was the author, printer and publisher: "A Sailor's Narrative of Twenty-four Voyages or the Adventures of Joseph J. Grinnell of Little Compton, R. I., giving an account of his imprisonment, his being condemned to be hung and his miraculous escape." (Two pamphlets, 1858).

"The Deserters—A thrilling and exciting story of the Rebellion, by P. F. Little, Esq. If you begin to read this story you will want to finish it before laying it down. Little Compton, R. I., 1869."

"The Belle of Pocasset. A Romantic Wedding or Marrying with Vengeance, in connection with a Business Card Directory" (1873).

(1) Copy of one of Mr. Little's business cards.

"The Yankee Privateer Antelope of the Narragansett. A thrilling story of the Last War on Land and Sea, by P. F. Little, author of a Sailor's Narrative; Live and Let Live; The Legal Adviser; The Adopted Daughter; Deserters, etc., etc., Little Compton, R. I., 1876."

"Fragmentary Sketches and Incidents in Little Compton and Tiverton during the Revolution and the War of 1812. By P. F. Little, Esq. Never before published, 1880."

During the War with Spain the spirit of '76 in this village was revived. The government established a signal-station at Sakonnet Point and Colonel Sisson's son, Henry, drilled a company of volunteers at the town hall. Old guns were taken down from their resting places over family hearthstones, or hunted up in corners and in garrets. A motley collection they made,—flint-locks, hammer-locks and breech-loaders,—smooth bores, rifles, muskets and shot guns, "better or worse, richer or poorer," ready for service at the country's call.

Very recently the Quaker service has become one of the institutions of the town known only to memory through the ancient meeting-house on Brimstone Hill, which remains a relic of past days. I hope something may be done for its preservation. This house was built in 1815 though I imagine some of the interior fittings survived from the earlier building. How quaint they are,—the wooden partition, with swinging door and window, which may be lowered by ropes, like a theatrical scene, to separate the men from the women worshippers; the elders' pew at the end, the little gallery that one may reach from below, and the plain board benches, smoothed and polished by generations of prayerful sitters. And, then, how pathetic,—those lonely services, Sabbath after Sabbath, year after year, of the last survivor of his sect,—the silvery head bowed in solitary prayer and silent communion with the past.

I have mentioned only a few of the people whose lives have enriched the memories of this place and shown that "peace hath her victories" as well as war. I wish there could be recorded memorials of them all. Fortunately sketches of many of our neighbors and their families have

George S. Burleigh

been published in the History of Newport County, to which I have made frequent reference.

One of the endearing memories we shall all of us carry through life is that of the village poet. He looked, he lived, the part—he did not affect it—for his life was spontaneous and beautiful as the blossoms that embowered his home. His patriarchal presence, his illumined face with silvery wealth of flowing hair, when encountered on some wooded byway brought Camelot to mind and bards who sang of chivalry. An acquaintance with Mr. Burleigh was a benediction to be remembered all one's days. Though he was absent during the winter, this was his home. His wife was a Little Compton girl, and the inspiration of his life and his poetry germinated and bloomed under the influence of the woods, the air, the ocean, the life and the love that environed his seaside home.

Mr. Burleigh's literary labors were largely devoted to magazine productions and editorial work. The publications of his own which have been left to us are: Anti-Slavery Hymns, 1842; The Maniac and other poems, 1849; Signal Fires, 1856; and a translation into English verse of Victor Hugo's La Légende des Siécles, 1867.

It was he who composed the verse graven upon the Elizabeth Alden monument.

We should be familiar with his description of "A Storm on Saugonnet."[1]

"Then came the storm with its signal drum,
All night we heard on the eastern shore
The steady booming and muffled roar
Of the great waves' tramp ere the winds had come!

* * * * *

"With the measured march of a mighty host
The ground-swell came, with wave upon wave,
On the red Saugonnet rocks they drave,
And scattered their foam over leagues of coast.

* * * * *

"Spectral and dim over sunk Cuttywow
The White spray hung, but we heard no shock,
For the liquid thunder on red Wall Rock
Crushed out all sound with its deafening blow.

* * * * *

(1) In "Poems of Places." H. W. Longfellow, Ed. Boston.

"In the swirl of the Hopper the waves were ground
To impalpable dust; the Ridge Rock roared
To the crash of a new Niagara poured
Right up the crags with a slippery bound!

"Over Brenton's Reef where the west hung black,
O'er the cloudy bar of the Cormorant Rocks,
The white seas hurried in huddling flocks
With the wolf-winds howling along their track."

And now closing let us recall his words, freighted with the love of Nature and the supremacy of faith:

"Not yet, not yet, O darling mine!
O Mother Nature, call me not today,
With wood and wave and beautiful sunshine,
And all thy fresh Divine,—
For heavy shadows on my spirit weigh.

* * * * *

"I turn me from thee, Mother Mild,
Into the heavens of Thought, and spirit's Faith;
There, great and calm, with Godhood over-smiled
Loving and undefiled—
I see the dead victorious over death."

THE HISTORICAL EXHIBIT.

The Historical Exhibit in the Grange Hall was an afterthought. But it was a happy one. The possibility of gathering together at this anniversary all the family heirlooms and other treasures of the neighborhood was alluring. Mrs. Forbes W. Manchester, Mrs. Roswell B. Burchard and Mrs. Lysander W. Manchester constituted themselves a volunteer committee. Wagons were hurried from house to house and everybody lent a willing hand in bringing out living-room fixtures that had remained undisturbed for generations and in ransacking garrets for household utensils whose ancient use offered occasion for modern discussion. Nothing was imported from beyond Windmill Hill or Westport except some souvenirs of the old-time ministers. China and other breakables were of necessity left behind. So hurried were the preparations that many desirable things were overlooked, but take it all together the results were of surprising interest.

And what tender recollections these homely objects aroused in the older people! What anecdotes they inspired, and what a revelation of old days they presented to the young!

A day spent among these "exhibits" with such a descriptive book as Alice Morse Earle's "Home Life in Colonial Days" offered an opportunity for rare entertainment.

Here was an old-fashioned loom with all its accessories in operation, Mrs. Andrew W. Lawton throwing the shuttle with practiced hand. There was a great wool-wheel with Mrs. Ralph Wilcox or Mrs. Elva A. Humphrey spinning merrily, while Mrs. John A. Seabury supplied the necessary "wool-rolls" which had lain forgotten for years under her attic eaves. Here again was a flax-wheel with all its ac-

companying outfit of brake, swingling-knife, hetchels, clock-reel, etc.

This antique machinery bore witness to the labor and the skill that was employed in the making of each of the hundreds of specimens of homespun fabric that were unfolded that day.

The walls of the hall were draped with a unique collection of those famous old-time blue and white, or brown and white bed coverlets, showing all the well-known designs and some of the curious ones which one may find pictured in Mrs. Earle's book.

There was a fine exhibit of samplers bearing familiar names; and embroidered pictures:—Paul in a top hat and Virginia in silk negligee and hair ribbons; young women pondering over funeral tablets beneath weeping willows; family trees and memorial records done in silk and water-color.

There was a collection of costumes and needlework and everything in homespun from doylies to frock coats. There were the christening and wedding gowns of the grandmothers and the swallow-tails and waistcoats and uniforms of the forefathers. There were calashes and pumpkin hoods and slat bonnets, with chapeaus and stove-pipe hats near at hand as of old. And, then, there were cradles of every description, a trundle-bed, baby-tenders and toy furniture. There were the saddle and pillion upon which some village bell rode to church, the foot stove which kept her warm while there; the poke-bonnet, gown and slippers, and, in a secluded corner, the beautifully wrought stays that she wore. There, too, were the hymnbook from which she sang and the violoncello which accompanied her voice; the communion cups of 1711 and 1741 from which she received the Sacrament, the manuscript of the lengthy sermon and the spectacles through which its illuminating passages were read.

Pewter and brass glittered in one corner while another was somber with the rust of ancient fire-arms.

The sterner life of the fathers was recalled by a collection of Indian relics, a Colonial helmet, guns, pistols and side arms, a "blunderbuss" and a true sword of Bunker Hill.

The following catalogue, necessarily incomplete, is given with the hope that the location of these relics may be remembered, and that at some future day they may be again gathered together. Each exhibitor was given a card to identify the exhibit and it is desirable that these should be preserved.

The bare list of these articles may seem commonplace enough, when described separately, however, many would prove of surpassing interest. Thus, "an invitation to a dance written on the eight of hearts" seems worthy of consideration when one reads in Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" (Vol. II, page 127) that the hero received many invitations and said: "It may amuse those for whom I write to know that nearly all were writ on the white backs of playing cards." One surmises that the old clock-reel could tell tales when he hums the Colonial refrain:

"And he kissed Mistress Polly when the clock-reel ticked."

The spoon moulds are worth looking at when one is told that most New England communities possessed but one pair of them, and that they were passed round to make pewter spoons for the whole neighborhood; and so he sees something in the pipe-tongs, when he finds, in Mrs. Earle's book, the picture of a pair just like those herein catalogued and reads that it is a rare specimen. In fact many of these articles are pictured in that interesting volume and among them the following: Flint-wheel, Betty lamps, Colonial bottles, bed coverlets, calashes and other bonnets, band-boxes, spoon-moulds, candle-moulds, waffle-irons, skillets, pot-hooks, griddles and other hearth-stone utensils, spinning-wheels, clock-reels, swifts, quill-wheels, loom-temples, tape looms, wool cards, hetchels, etc.

CATALOGUE OF THE HISTORICAL EXHIBIT.

Committee:

MRS. FORBES W. MANCHESTER, MRS. ROSWELL B. BURCHARD, and MRS. LYSANDER W. MANCHESTER.

Loaned by:

THE UNITED CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF LITTLE COMPTON: A silver communion cup inscribed, given by J. Church, Esq., to ye church of Chr^i^st in little Compton on 1 d. 1 m. 1711.

Another cup, companion to the above, with the inscription: Given by Thos Baley to ye church of Christ in Little Compton, June ye first 1741.

MRS. S. R. ALLEN: Candle moulds.

MISS VESTA ALMY: 2 bedspreads; bonnet, 3 embroidered collars; pair spectacles; beaded bag; *Newport Mercury,* 1760.

ERASTUS S. BAILEY: Runlet of Ebenezer Church, 200 years old; weighing measure; 2 communion cups.

MRS. SARAH F. BORDEN: 2 mahogany chairs; 2 documents, 1764; gravy boat, cover and platter; 2 cut glass bottles and stoppers; tea caddy; basket; platter.

MRS. GEORGE H. BRAYTON: 16 arrow heads; 2 antique knives and forks; butcher knife; bottle; 6 dresses of various periods; petticoat. Homespun fabrics: Apron; baby blankets; 7 towels, plain and striped; 2 silk scarfs; 3 caps; 9 handkerchiefs; table-cloth; 2 skirts; 4 shawls; hat.

MRS. THOMAS BRAYTON: Loaner's wedding-dress, 1862; Mr. Brayton's wedding waistcoat; straw bonnet worn when loaner was a child; very large bandbox; burningfluid lamp.

Loaned by:

Mrs. Mary N. Briggs: Pewter lamp; embroidered needle book belonged to Margaret Hussey of Nantucket; miniature buffet made by Samuel Nye of Wareham, 1810, for Delia Nye; three legged table; wooden spoon.

Mrs. William H. Briggs: Piggin; 2 spools of linen; dress; silver spoon; spoon, 1750.

Mrs. Thomas Briggs: Blue and brown woven bedspread of Diana Briggs made into portieres; 2 pewter ladles; war club, from Sandwich Islands, given Jeremiah Briggs; pitcher; cup; Holy Bible; marriage certificate, Gray and Church; tablespoon, 100 years old; teaspoon; Indian beaded cushion; pottery jug; glass jug; glass cruet; stone jug; vase of Mrs. Capt. Seabury, 100 years old.

E. C. Brownell: Cup and saucer.

Mrs. Richmond Brownell: 2 chairs; snuffbox.

F. R. Brownell: 2 commissions of Sylvester Brownell, the loaner's great-grandfather, signed by Sam. Adams and John Hancock.

Pardon C. Brownell: Pair brass candlesticks.

Mrs. Emma Buckley: Pair English wooden clogs, worn by a child; teapot; cup and saucer.

Mrs. John C. G. Brown: Pewter plate; copper lustre pitcher, belonged to loaner's grandmother; linen homespun handkerchief; China mustard pot; tureen; old Dresden cup.

Mrs. Roswell B. Burchard: Embroidered picture, Paul and Virginia, by Mary Simmons; embroidered picture, Tombstone, by Prudence Simmons; 5 blue and white coverlets; white spread, homespun linen; black and white striped blanket of homespun woolen; 3 glass bottles; silver snuffers on tray, Prudence Church; pipe-tongs, wrought-iron, belonged to loaner's great-great-grandfather; pipe box; glass jar with lion on top; blue and white china platter; foot-stove; embroidered map of England, done in 1809; picture painted on velvet; 3

Loaned by:

pairs brass andirons; tall brass pendant lamp; bronze lamp; 17 silver spoons; 2 hair-cloth cylinder trunks; cradle; wooden candlestick; brass candlestick; candle moulds; lantern; pewter tray; pewter lamp; 5 pewter porringers; pewter basin; teapot, sugar bowl and cream; pitcher, Liverpool-ware; mahogany table; bureau; washstand; workstand; work table; shaving glass; vases; lantern; clock; bowl; pitcher; jug; John Church's sled; "thousand legged" mahogany table; piece of Mary Helen's wedding dress; homespun bed-quilt and sheets; green spectacles; lava inkstand; scriber for marking lumber; wig block; wool wheel; swifts; knot reel; hetchels.

Mrs. Sydney R. Burleigh: Home made shears; Colonial blunderbuss; sword worn at Bunker Hill; calash; P. F. Little's books: "The Deserter," "Belle of Pocasset," "Yankee Privateer," "Antelope of the Narragansett," "Comptonian Platonic;" 3 books written by George S. Burleigh: "Signal Fires," "The Maniac," "Legend of the Centuries."

Miss Mary S. Burlingame: 2 glass candlesticks; 2 brass candlesticks; blue and white bedspread; spyglass, belonged to Oliver Brownell.

Mrs. Emily J. Butler: Brass spoon-mould, for making pewter spoons; plate; cider mug.

Thomas F. Carr: Horse pistol; Queen's-arm gun; flintlock musket, 1798; tallow lamp.

Mrs. William L. Cassard: Applique and patchwork calico quilt.

Mrs. Nathaniel Church: Almanac; Watts' hymns; needlework; coat, belt, sword, sash, spurs, hat, which belonged to Gen. Nathaniel Church; baby tender; ivory knife with Indian design; *Fall River Journal.*

George W. Church: Marriage certificate written by Rev. Mase Shepard; poetry on house that stood where Old-acre Cottage stands; flint and steel.

Loaned by:

Mrs. Edgar F. Clark: Stone mould for making buckles; 3 fossil stones; book, "Confession of Faith."

Mrs. Richard B. Comstock: Embroidered mull collar.

Mrs. James W. Coombs: Blue and white woven bedspread.

Miss Ethel Drowne: 2 cradles that belonged to Valentine Simmons.

Mrs. Addie L. M. Davis: Wooden plate, 125 years old; coat; mallet and mahogany chisel, used in olden times to cut loaf sugar which came in shape of a haystack and was broken off as needed; blue, white and black coverlet, 18th century.

Mrs. George M. Gray: Mirror, with painted glass picture in upper section of frame 110 years old, belonged to Miranda White; mahogany chair.

James L. Gray: Violoncello.

Mrs. George A. Gray: Corner chair; silhouette of Betsey Briggs, teacher in L. C. in early part of 18th century; hand-made pins; silver scissors; embroidered pocket-book; spoon, supposed to have been "Betty" Alden's; 2 forks; 2 knives; 5 pieces of Continental money; letter of Marque to Samuel Briggs, by William Greene, 1779; letter of Sam'l Briggs to his wife, 1779; instructions to privateers, signed by William Greene, 1779; David Durfee, Jr.'s, letter; history of the Quakers; skein of flax.

Samuel B. Gray: Coat and military sash worn by Amasa Gray in the militia in 1825; 3 gold ornaments; revenue tax bill.

Mrs. Abbie Grinnell: Old clock; white neckerchief of Nancy Grinnell; feather flowers.

Mrs. Emma M. Grinnell: Ancient Bible; pair wooden candlesticks; 2 runlets.

Thomas D. Grinnell: Family record; sword; cutlass; candlesticks; sermons, 1812; 2 arrowheads; 2 flintlock pistols and 3 flints.

Loaned by:

Mrs. Henry A. Groth: Pair brass candlesticks; homespun linen sheet; mortar and pestle; 2 pewter plates; book of early R. I. laws; 15 coins; Pamelia Burgess' spoon, over 200 years old; wooden pitchfork.

John Seabury Hathaway: Homespun linen tablecloth of great-great-great-grandmother, Mary Coggeshall Manchester.

John Hoxie: Flint-lock pistol; 2 Indian war-clubs; gun.

Asa R. Howland: Pewter plate; oak spindle-back armchair; rush bottom armchair; cotton stockings and cap.

Mrs. Edward L. Hunt: Pewter teapot; yellow silk waist; drab and purple silk gown; gown.

Mrs. Elva A. Humphrey: 2 coins, 1787, 1788; wooden plate; pewter plate; 5 children's primers; Rev. Ray Palmer's candlesticks.

Mrs. John H. Jewell: Silver spoon, 250 years old; silver spoon; account of ordination of Rev. Mase Shepard in 1787; list of drafted men in Little Compton, 1863; Ancestor, Thomas Brownell's commissions as Ensign, 1816, and as Lieutenant, 1817; family registry, 1789; memorial picture, 1809; baby chair; 2 cradles.

Mrs. T. Warren Kempton: Wooden candlestick; tallow dip; powderhorn.

Mrs. George W. Kirby: Pewter tumbler; pewter plate; china pepper-box.

Mrs. Andrew Henry Lawton: Weaving loom with shuttles, loom temples, wool cards, rake or comb for separating strands of the warp, and other accessories; quill wheel.

A. A. Lothrop: Framed piece of material.

John T. T. McKenzie: 4 military hats; haversack, roundabout; canteen; military coat; cartridge box; knapsack.

Abraham Manchester: Saddle and pillion.

Mrs. Forbes W. Manchester: Wool cards; hetchels; flax-wheel; wool wheel; clock-wheel; swifts; swingling

Loaned by:

knife; hanging griddle; piggin; skillet; wood bowl; iron candlesticks; candle box; foot-stove; brass handled tongs; antique kitchen-chair; sampler of Lydia Shaw.

Mrs. Lysander W. Manchester: Three-cornered chair; 200 years old; pot-hooks and trammels; brass candlestick.

Miss Flora L. Mason: Vinegar cruet of Richard Billings, loaned by his descendant.

Miss Carrie E. Mayo: Little basket; little skillet; three-legged iron kettle.

Mrs. Elkanah Palmer: Chair; water bucket, runlet; 4 pictures of Prodigal Son; picture, Noah's Ark; picture, Byron and Marianna; 7 wicker baskets; veil and bonnet; 3 bonnet boxes; shoemaker's bench with 81 tools; cooper's adz; 11 shoemakers' lasts and 3 tops with them; trundle bed; wooden shoemakers' clamp; tin tea-caddy; 2 pairs andirons, (iron); antique patchwork quilt; bundle of tallow dip sticks; warming pan; small skillet.

Loring A. Palmer: Sewing stand; bundle of quills.

Mrs. William Tweed Peckham: 2 antique bottles from Indian graves in cemetery north of the Swamp Road; 3 Indian stone hammerheads; 7 flint arrowheads; pipe; flint wheel and tinder box.

Sarah C. Peckham: Antique table.

Charles H. Peckham: 2 family records; 2 old cups and saucers, great-grandmother's wedding present.

Miss Miranda Pierce: Blue and white crib blanket, 1787; flannel sheet woven by Hannah Head; white spread woven of first Slaterville cotton, sold in Little Compton about 100 years ago; stays made and worn by Hannah Davenport about 1755; pewter candlestick; 4 old tallow dips; shot bowl; powderhorn; hank of yarn; shuttles made by H. Head; ancient stone bottle; tea-pot; Dorr War bayonet; Civil War saddlebags; book, "Imitation of Christ," 1802.

Loaned by:

Mrs. P. A. Pierce: Antique silver spoons; 2 brass candlesticks; iron candlestick; wooden candlestick; patchwork quilt; silk shoulder shawl, 75 years old, Mary Woodman's; candle snuffers and tray; chair belonging to Nathan Slade of Swansey; mahogany table; rocking chair; wooden spoon; blue and white homespun linen square, 75 years old, Emblem Wilbour's; doll's bonnet; sampler; picture.

Mrs. Abraham J. Potter: Ancient bitstock, the bit turned by twisted cords; candle-moulds.

Mrs. Joshua B. Richmond: Photographs of 3 Colonial commissions of ancestors, Sylvester and Perez; ancient picture of a Providence church; sleigh-bells; waffle irons with very long handles.

Mrs. Andrew Sawyer: Blue and white coverlet; coat; bonnet; pair spectacles; Betty lamp; bellows; pewter platter; silver spoons; wooden knife and fork; pair of pistols; powderhorn.

Mrs. John A. Seabury: Sampler; sampler of Lydia Coe, 1795; sampler, Marion Grasson, 1822; picture, Gothic beauties; pair yellow slippers, piece of Deborah Church's wedding dress in which she was married to Adam Simmons in 1755; large wool (spinning) wheel; pair of cards for carding wool; antique wheel head; hetchels; spool rack; tow bag; spooling wheel; tape-loom; flax-wheel; bundle of antique wool-rools for spinning; iron lantern; embroidered bag; 2 antique glass bottles; 2 small skillets; ancient stone bottle; pewter tumbler; brass candlestick.

Miss Mary K. Seabury: Brass lamp; leather trunk of Otis Coggeshall; sampler of Maria Shaw, 1827.

Arthur Seabury: Old Indian dish.

Miss Helen L. Shepard: An autograph sermon by Rev. Mase Shepard.

Abel B. Simmons: Violoncello and bow, formerly used in church.

Loaned by:

Mrs. Robert Snow: Family record; holder and sinker; warming pan; 4 spoons "B. H."; Spanish bell; miniature; antique cotton print bed hanging; calash; slippers; 2 powderhorns; shaving case; mirror; picture, "Fisherman's Dog;" toaster from oven; brass kettle; Machero cigar lighter; Nancy Swift's spoons; Abigail Pope's spoons; blue woven bedspread; harness frame for making harness for loom. Pewter: 4 candlesticks; pitcher; 2 mugs; 3 candle-snuffers; tray; platter; 3 plates; 2 dishes; 2 porringers.

Miss Elizabeth F. Sowle: Pewter lamp; pewter platter.

Mrs. Mary A. Sowle: Large wooden spoon; pair of velvet slippers; nurse lamp; Britannia teapot.

Mrs. Zoeth H. Soule: Book, "The Doctrine of Regeneration," 1738.

Mrs. James B. Springer: Small pewter porringer; sampler worked by Rhoda M. (Mrs. Forbes W.) Manchester, 1841; embroidered collar which belonged to loaner's grandmother, Lydia Shaw.

Mrs. Walter Sylvia: Squire Little's lantern; brass and crystal lamp; brooch owned by great-grandmother; brown pitcher.

Mrs. Sarah J. Taylor: Sampler worked by the loaner at age of five years.

Mrs. Francis O. Tripp: Tin tallow lamp.

Mrs. Lydia J. Warner: Wooden candlestick; pewter teapot, plate and mug; sampler, Phebe Ann Harris, 1832; 2 placques.

Mrs. Isaac C. Wilbour: Bedspread made of three wedding gowns; knife and fork 100 years old.

Miss Ardelia M. Wilbor: 4 tables, one of which belonged to Simon Peckham.

Mrs. Charles R. Wilbur: Chairs; pewter basin; 2 pewter plates; glass lamp 300 years old, belonged to John Sawyer; blue and white pitcher and bowl; blue and white bedspread.

Loaned by:

Mrs. Daniel Wilbour: Pair brass andirons:

Miss Florence Wilbour: 2 snuffboxes; velvet bag of Elizabeth Briggs, 100 years old; dimity knee-breeches and figured linen vest of Capt. Samuel Briggs; pink slippers, 100 years old; pack of playing cards; dance invitation to Miss Briggs printed on back of 8 of hearts playing card; Mrs. Alexander Wilbour's pink silk gown; Judith Wilbour's sampler, 1810.

Mrs. Oliver H. Wilbor: 2 shell combs 100 years old; embroidered letter case 150 years old; will of Jonathan Wilbur, 1799; deed of Anthony Wilbour, 1797; blue velvet beaded purse; sampler; Clark's Magazine, 1795; Gospel Labours of Churchman, 1779; nose glasses in wooden case; silver spoon, "L. W.;" Staffordshire pickle leaves; cup; basket; cider mug; pink table-scarf; 2 china sauce dishes.

Mrs. B. F. Wilbur: Baby chair; calash; foot stove; saddle and bag; law book; 3 candelabra; 46 prisms; 2 chairs; 2 inlaid snuffboxes; mission chair; candle mould; spindle chair; portrait of W. Bates; skillet; kettle, 3 legs; sampler made by Priscilla Alden; bonnet made by Hannah Milk of Boston, 1830; portrait, Dr. Lloyd Brayton, about 1820.

Mrs. Philip H. Wilbour: 2 Indian relics of stone; 9 documents; Josiah Shaw's orations, 1798; almanack, 1796; Military Companion, 1810; Gov. Dorr's "Broadside;" letter to Hon. Isaac Wilbur, 1807; bill of arrest for Charles Wood, 1825; General Assembly document, 1807. Do. 1806; value received, Nathan Searle, 1797; skillet; map of original allotments of Little Compton land, made by Otis Wilbor.

Mrs. William B. Wilber: Patchwork quilt of which the red portions were made from coat worn in War of 1812 by Walter Wilbour.

Mrs. Clarence C. Wordell: 3 tables; book, 1707.

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